THE

Crown Garland

OF

Golden Roses,

Gathered out of *Englands*
Royal Garden.

Set forth in many Pleasant
New SONGS and
SONNETS.

With New Additions, never
before Imprinted.

Divided into Two Parts, by *R. Johnson.*

LONDON,

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The CONTENTS.

A Princely Song of the Red Rose and the White.
A delightful Song of the four famous Feasts of England.
The lamentable Song of the Lord Wigmore and the fair Maid of Bunsmore.
The Complaint of fair Isabel for the loss of her Honour.
A Song of Sir Richard Whittington, thrice Mayor of London.
The Life and Death of the Great Duke of Buckingham.
The woful Death of Queen Jane, and how King Edward the Sixth was cut out of his Mothers Belly.
A short and sweet Sonnet made by a Maid of Honour, upon the death of Queen Elizabeth.
The famous Life and Death of Tho. Smithely.
A most Royal Song of the Life and Death of our late Renowned Princess Queen Elizabeth.
A Song of a King and a Begger.
A Lovers Son in praise of his Mistris.
Another.

A Servants sorrow for the loss of his late Royal Mistris, Queen Ann.
The good Shepherds Sorrow for the death of his beloved Son.
The second part of the good Shepherd.
A mournful Ditty for the death of fair Rosamond, King Henry the seconds Concubine.
A most rare and excellent History of the Dutchess of Suffolks Calamity.

The Second Part.

THe lamentable fall of the great Dutchess of Gloucester.
A Courtly new Song of the Princely wooing of the fair Maid of London, by King Edward.
The fair Maid of Londons answer to King Edwards wanton Love.
The Story of Ill May-day.
The Life and Death of the two Ladies of Finsbury.
An excellent Song made on the successors of King Henry the Fourth.
A Princely story of Henry the eighths six Wives.
The Lamentable complaint of Queen Mary for the departure of King Philip.
The Battle of Agen-Court.

A Princely Song made of the Red Rose and the White, Royally united together by King Henry the Seventh, and Elizabeth Plantagenet, Daughter to Edward the Fourth, from whom our Soveraign Lord King James lineally descended.

To the Tune of, When flying Fame.

When York and Lancaster made War
within this famous Land,
The lives of Englands Royal Peers,
did much in danger stand;
Seven English Kings in bloody fields,
for Englands Crown did fight;
In which their Heirs were all but twain,
of lives bereaved quite.

Then thirty thousand English men,
were in one Battel slain,
Yet could not all this English blood
a settled Peace obtain:

For Fathers kind their Children kill'd,
and Sons their Fathers slew,
yea Kindred fought against their kind,
and not each other knew.

At last by Henries lawful claim,
the wasting Wars had end,
For Englands peace he soon resto'd,
and did the same defend:
For Tyrant Richard, nam'd the third,
chief breeder of this woe,
By him was slain near Leicester Town,
as Chronicles do show.

All fears of War he thus exil'd,
which joy'd each English man,
And days of long desired peace,
within the Land began:
He rul'd this Kingdom by true love,
to cheer his Subjects lives,
For every one had daily joy,
and comfort of their Wives.

King Henry had such a Princely care,
our further peace to frame,
Took fair Elizabeth to Wife,
that gallant Yorkes Dame,
Fourth Edwards daughter (blest of God,)

to escape King Richards spite,
Was thus made Englands peerless Queen,
and Henries hearts delight.

Thus Henry first of Tudors name,
and Lancaster the first,
With Yorks right Heir a true loves knot,
did link and tye full fast,
Renowned York the white Rose gave,
brave Lancaster the Red,
By Wedlock were consorted to grow,
both in one Princely Bed.

These Roses sprang and budded fair,
and carried such a grace,
That Kings of England in their Arms,
afford them worthy place:
And flourish may those Roses long,
that all the world may tell,
The owners of those Princely flowers,
in vertues do excell.

To glorifie these Roses more,
King Henry and his Queen,
First plac'd their Pictures in wrought Gold,
most gorgeous to be seen:
The Kings own Guard now wears the same,
upon their back and breast,

Where Love and Loyalty remains,
and evermore shall rest.

The Red Rose on the back is placed,
thereon a Crown of Gold;
The white Rose on the breast is brave,
and costly to behold:
Bedeckt most rich with silver Studs,
an Coat of Scarlet red,
A blushing hue, which Englands fame
now many a year hath bred.

Thus Tudor and Plantagenet,
their honours first devised,
To welcome long desired Peace,
with us so dearly prized:
A Peace that now maintained is
by Charles our Royal King,
For Peace brings plenty to the Land,
with every blessed thing.

To speak again of Henries praise,
his Princely liberal hand
Gave gifts and graces many ways,
unto this famous Land:
For which the Lord him blessing sent,
and multiplied his store,
So that he left more Wealth to us
than any King before.

For

For first his Sweet and lovely Queen,
a joy above the rest,
Brought him both Sons and Daughters fair,
to make his Kingdom blest.
The Royal blood that was at ebb,
so increas'd by his Queen,
That Englands Heirs unto this day,
do flourish fair and green.

The first fair blessing of his Seed,
was Arthur Prince of Wales;
Whose vertue to the Spanish Court,
quite o're the Ocean Sails:
There Ferdinand the King of Spain,
his Daughter Katherine gave
For Wife unto the English Prince,
a thing that God would have.

Yet Arthur in his lofty Youth,
and blooming time of age,
Submitted meekly his Sweet life,
to Deaths impartial rage.
Who dying so no Issue left,
the Sweet of nature joy,
Which compast England round with grief,
and Spain with sad annoy.

King Henries second comfort grew
a Henry of his name;

In

In following time eighth Henry call'd,
a King of noble fame.
He Conquer'd Bullogn with his Sword,
with many Towns in France,
his manly mind and fortitude,
did Englands fame advance.

He Popish Abbeys first suppress,
and Papistry pull'd down,
And bound their Lands by Parliament,
unto his Royal Crown:
He had three Children by three Wives,
and Princes reigning here,
Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth,
a Queen belov'd most dear.

These three sweet branches bare no fruit,
God no such joy did send,
Through which the Kingly Tudors name,
in England here had end:
The last Plantaginet that liv'd,
was nam'd Elizabeth;
Elizabeth last Tudor was,
the greatest Queen on earth.

Seventh Henry yet we name again,
whose Grace gave free consent
To have his Daughters married both

to

to Kings of high descent:
Margaret the eldest of the twain,
was made great Scotlands Queen,
as wise, as fair, as vertuous,
as e're was Lady seen.

From which fair Queen our Royal King,
by lineal course discendeth,
And rightfully enjoys that Crown
which God now still befriendeth:
for Tudors and Plantaginet,
by yielding unto death,
have made renowned Stuarts name
the greatest upon earth.

His younger Daughter Mary call'd,
as Princely in degree,
Was by her Father worthy thought,
the Queen of France to be:
And after to the Suffolk Duke,
was made a Noble Wife,
Where in the famous English Court,
she led a vertuous life.

King Henry and his loving Queen,
rejoyc'd to see the day,
To have their Children thus advanc'd,
with Honours every way:

While

Which purchast pleasure and content,
with many years delight;
Till sad misehance by cruel death,
procur'd them both a spight.

The Queen, that fair and Princely Dame,
that Mother meek and mild,
To add more number to her joys,
again grew big with Child:
All which brought comfort to her King,
against which careful hour,
He lodg'd his dear kind hearted Queen
in Londons stately Tower.

That Tower that was so fatal once
to Princes of degree,
Prov'd fatal to this Noble Queen,
for therein dyed she:
In Child-bed took she her sweet life,
her life esteem'd so dear,
Which had been Englands loving Queen
full many a happy year.

The King herewith pestelt with grief,
spent many months in moan,
And daily sigh'd, and said that he,
like her could find out none:
Nay none could be in fancy chuse,

to

is make his wedded Wife,
Therefore a Widdower would remain,
the remnant of his life.

is after-days he spent in peace,
and quietness of mind,
like King and Queen as these two were,
the world can hardly find:
our King and Queen yet like to them
in vertue and true love,
ave Heavenly blessings in like sort,
from Heavenly powers above.

Delightful Song of the four famous Feasts of England, one of them ordained by King Henry the Seventh, to the Honour of Merchant-Taylors; shewing how seven Kings having been free of that Company, and how lastly it was graced with the Renowned Henry of Great-Britain.

To the Tune of, Treatons Toy.

Nglands a Kingdom,
of all the world admired;
he stateliness in pleasures,
can no way be desired:

The

The Court is full of bravery,
the City fraught with Gallantry,
The Law preserveth Unity,
the Country keepeth Healthy,

Yet no like pompe and Glory,
our Chronicles Recorde,
As four great Feasts of England,
do orderly afforde:
All others be but Dinners called,
or Banquets of good sort,
And none but four be named Feasts,
whereof I will report.

Saint George Feasts the first of all,
maintained is by Kings,
Where much Renown and Royalty
thereof now daily rings:
Princes came from forreign Lands
to be Saint Georges Knights,
The Golden Garter thus is worn
by sundry worthy wights.

Saint George our English Champion,
in most delightful sort,
Is celebrated year by year,
in Englands Royal Court:
The King with all his Noble Traine,

and rich Array,
ades the Festival
Saint Georges day.

nour'd Mayor of London,
the second Feast ordains,
y which, the worthy Citizens,
much Commendations gains:
n Lords and Judges of the Land,
and Knights of good request,
o Guild-Hall come to countenance
Lord Mayor of London's Feast.

To the Sergeants of the Law,
another Feast affords,
ith grace and honour glorified,
y Englands Noble Lords:
o this we call the Sergeants Feast,
third in name and place,
yet there is fourth likewise,
eserves a gallant grace.

Merchant-Taylors Company,
he Fellowship of Fame,
Londons lasting Dignity,
oes honoured with the same:
ict King Henry the Seventh name,
pt once in three years time,

Where

Where Gold and Gowns he to poor men
given by King Henries will.

Full many a good fat Buck he sent,
the fairest and the best
The Kings large Forrest can afford,
to grace this worthy Feast.
A Feast that makes the number just,
and last account of four,
Therefore let England shew no more,
of Feasts there be no more.

Then let all London Companies,
so highly in Renown
Give Merchant-Taylors name and fame,
to wear the Lawrell Crown.
For seven of Englands Royal Kings,
thereof have all been free,
And with their loves and favours grac'd
this worthy Company.

King Richard once the second nam'd,
unhappy in his fall,
Of all his Race of Royal Kings,
was Free-man first of all.
Bullingbrook Fourth Henry next,
by order him succeeds,
To glorifie his Brotherhood,
by many Princely deeds.

Fifth Henry which so valiantly,
deserved fame in France,
Became free of this company,
faire London to advance:
Sixth Henry the next in raign,
though luckless in his dayes,
Of Merchant-Taylors Freeman was,
to their eternal praise.

Fourth Edward that most worthy King,
beloved of great and small,
Also performed a Freemans love
to this renowned Hall:
Third Richard which by cruelty,
brought England many woes,
Unto this worthy Company
no little favour shows.

But richest favour yet at last,
proceeded from a King,
Whose Kingdom round about the world
in Princes ears do ring:
King Henry whom we call the seventh;
made them the greatest graced,
Because in Merchant Taylors Hall,
his Picture now stands placed.

Their Charter was his Princely gift,
maintained to this day,

He added Marchant to the name
of Taylors, as some say,
To Merchant-Taylors they be call'd,
his Royal love was so,
No London Company the like
estate of Kings can show.

From time to time we thus behold
the Merchant-Taylors Glory,
Of whose renown the Muses Pen
may make a lasting story.
This love of Kings begot such love
of our now Royal Prince,
For greater love than this to them
was ne'r before nor since.

It pleased so his Princely mind,
in mark kind courtesie,
To be a friendly Freeman made
of this brave company:
O London then in heart rejoyce,
and Merchant-Taylors sing
Forth praises of this gentle Prince,
the Son of our good King.

To tell the welcome to the world
he then in London had,
Might fill us full of pleasant joyes,
and make our hearts full glad.

His triumphs where perform'd and done,
long lasting will remain.
And Chronicles report at full
the deed of it plain.

The lamentable Song of the Lord Wigmore Governour of Warwick Castle, and the fair Maid of Dunsmore, as a warning to all Maids to have a care how they yield to the wanton delights of young Gallants.

The Tune is, Diana.

IN Warwickshire there stands a down,
And Dunsmore-heath it hath to name,
Adjoyning to a Country Town,
made famous by a Maidens name,
Fair Isabel she named was,
A shepherds daughter as some say,
To Wigmores ears her fame did pass,
as she in Warwick Castle lay.
Poor love-sick Lord inamoured,
Upon her fame set his delight,
And thought much pleasure sure did lie
possessing of so fair a wight.
Therefore to Dunsmore did resort,
To recreate his sickly mind,
Where in a Summers evening fair,
his chance was Isabel to find.
She sat amidst a Meadow green,

Most richly dyed with smelling flowers,
And by a River she was seen,
To spend away some evening hours,
There laid this maiden all alone,
Washing her feet in secret wise,
Which Virgin fair to look upon
did much delight his loving eyes.
She thinking not to be espy'd,
And laid from her her Country tire,
The trelles of her hair unty'd,
hung glittering like the golden wire.
And as the flakes of winter Snow,
That lye unmelted on the Plains,
So white her body was in show,
like silver springs did run her veins.
He ravisht with this pleasant sight,
Stood as a man amazed still;
Suffering his eyes to take delight,
that never thought they had their fill.
She blinded their affections so,
That reasons rules were led away,
And love the coals of lust did blow,
which to a fire flamed high.
And though he knew the sin was great,
It burned so within his breast,
With such a vehement scorching heat,
that none but she could lend him rest.
Lord Wigmore being thus drown'd in lust,

By

By liking of this dainty Dame,
He call'd a servant of great trust,
inquiring straight what was her name:
She is, quoth he, no married wife,
But a Shepherds daughter as you see,
And with her Father leads her life,
whose dwellings by these pastures be.
Her name is Isabel the fair,
Then stay, quoth he, and speak no more,
But to my Castle straight her bear,
her sight hath wounded me full sore.
Thus to Lord Wigmore she was brought,
W[illegible] with delight his fancies fed,
And through his suit such means he wrought,
that he entic'd her to his bed.
This being done incontinent
She did return from whence she came,
And every day she did invent
to cover her received shame.
But e're three months were fully past,
Her crime committed plain appears,
Unto Lord Wigmore then in hast,
she long complain'd with weeping tears.

The complaint of fair Isabel, for the loss of her honour, at the end whereof she slew her self.

To the same Tune.

LOrd Wigmore thus I have defi'd,

And spotted my pure Virgins bed,
Behold I am conceiv'd with child,
to which vile folly youthe led.
For now this deed, that I have wrought,
Throughout the Country well is known,
And to my woful Parents brought
who now for me do make great moan.
How shall I look them in the face,
When they my shameless fact shall see?
O cursed Eve I feel thy case,
when thou hadst tasted on the Tree,
Thou hidst thy self, and so must I,
But God thy trespass quickly found.
No darkness may hide me from Gods eye,
but leave my shame still to abound.
Wide open are mine eyes to look,
Upon my sad and heavy sin:
And quite unclasped is the book,
where my accounts are written in.
This sin of mine deserveth death,
But judge Lord Wigmore I am the,
For I have trod a Strumpets path,
and for the same I needs must dye.
Be spotted with reproachful shame,
To ages following shall I be,
And in Records be writ my blame,
Lord Wigmore this is long of thee;
Lord Wigmore prostrate at thy feet,

I crave my juſt deſerved Doom,
That death may cut off from the root
this body, bloſſome, branch, and bloom.
Let modeſty accurſe this crime.
Let Love and Law, and Nature ſpeak,
Was ever any wretch yet ſeen
that in one inſtant all did break?
Then Wigmore juſtice on me ſhew,
For thus conſenting to the act,
Give me my death, for that is due
to ſuch as ſin in ſuch a fact.

O that the womb had been my grave,
Or I had periſht in my birth.
O that ſame day may darkneſs have,
wherein I firſt drew vital breath
Let God regard it not at all,
Let not the Sun upon it ſhine,
Let mi ky darkneſs on it fall,
for to make known this ſin of mine.
The night wherein I was conceiv'd,
Let be accurſt with mournful eyes.
Let twinkling Stars from ſky bereav'd,
and clouds of darkneſs thereon riſe
Becauſe they ſhut not up their powers,
That gave the paſſage to my life.
Come ſorrow finiſh up my hours,
and let my time here end with grief.

And having made this woful moan,
A knife she snatched from her side,
Where Lucretia's part was rightly shown,
for with the same fair Isabel dy'd
Whereat Lord Wigmore grieved sore,
A heart repenting his amiss,
And after would attempt no more
to crop the flower of Maidens bliss.
But lived long in woful wise,
Till death did finish up his dayes,
And now in Isabels grave he lyes,
till Judgement comes them both to raise.

A Song of Sir Richard Whittington, who by strange fortunes came to be thrice Lord Mayor of London, with his bountiful gifts and liberality given to this honourable City.

The Tune is, Dainty come thou to me.

HEre must I tell the praise
of worthy Whittington:
Known to be in his days
thrice Lord Mayor of London:
But of poor Parentage
born was he as we hear,
And in his tender age,
bred up in Lancashire.

Poor

Poorly to London then
came up this simple Lad,
Where with a Merchant-man,
soon he a dwelling had,
And in a kitchin plac'd,
a scullion for to be,
Whereas long time he past,
in labour drudgingly.

His dayly service was
turning spits at the fire,
And to scoure pots of brass,
for a poor scullions hire:
Meat and drink all his pay,
of coyn he had no store,
Therefore to run away
in secret thought he bore.

So from the Merchant
Whittington secretly
Towards his Country came
to purchase liberty:
But as he went along
In a fair summers morn
Londons bells sweetly
Whittington back turn

Evermore sounding so,
turn again Whittington,

For thou in time shalt grow,
Lord Mayor of London.
Whereupon back again
Whittington came with speed,
A prentice to remain,
as the Lord had decreed.

Still blessed be the Bells,
this was his dayly song,
They my good Fortune tells,
most sweetly have they rung,
If God so favor me,
I will not prove unkind,
London my love shall see,
and my large bounties find.

But see this happy chance,
this Scullion had a Cat,
Which did his state advance,
and by it wealth he gat:
His Master ventured forth,
to a Land far unknown,
With Merchandize of worth,
as is in stories shown.

Whittington had no more,
but this poor Cat as than,
Which to the Ship he bore,

like

like a brave valiant man:
Venturing the same, quoth he,
I may get store of Gold,
And Mayor of London be
as the bells have me told.

Whittingtons Merchandize
carried to a land,
Troubled with Rats and Mice,
as they did understand.
The King of that Country there,
as he at dinner sate
Daily remain'd in fear
of many a Mouse and Rat.

Meat that on trenchers lay
no way they could keep safe,
But by Rats bore away
fearing no wand or staffe.
Whereupon soon they brought
Whittingtons nimble Cat,
Which by the King was bought,
heapt of Gold given for that.

Home again came these men,
with their ships laden so,
Whittingtons wealth began
by this Cat thus to grow.

Sellmons

Scullions like he forsook,
to be a Merchant good,
And soon began to look,
how well his credit stood.

After that he was chose
Sheriff of the City here,
And then full quickly rose,
hither as did appear.
For to this Cities praise,
Sir Richard whittington,
Came to be in his days,
thrice Mayor of London.

More his fame to advance,
thousands he lent his King
To maintain wars in France,
glory from thence to bring:
And after at a Feast,
which he the King did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jest,
and would no money take.

Ten thousand pound he gave,
to his prince willingly,
And would no penny have
for this kind courtesie:
As God thus made him great

so

So he would daily see
Poor people fed with meat,
to shew his charity.

Prisoners poor cherisht were,
widows sweet comfort found,
Good deeds forth far and near,
of him do still resound.
Whittingtons Colledge is,
one of his charities.
Records report this,
to lasting memories.

Newgate he builded fair,
for Prisoners to lye in,
Christ-Church he did repair
Christian love for to win.
Many more such like deeds,
were done by Whittington,
Which joy and comfort breeds,
to such as look thereon.

Lancashire thou hast bred,
this flower of charity,
Though he be dead and gone,
yet lives he lastingly.
Those bells that call'd him so,
turn again Whittington,

Call

Call you him back no more,
To live so in London.

The Life and Death of the great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely end for consenting to the disposing of the two Gallant young Princes, King Edward the fourths children.

The Tune is, Shores Wife.

A Tale of grief I must unfold,
A tale that never yet was told,
A tale that might to pity move
The Spirits below the Saints above.

When wars did plague this Maiden land,
Great Buckingham in state did stand,
With Kings and Queens he ruled so,
When he said I, none durst say no.

Great Glosters Duke that washt the Throne
With blood of Kings to mak't his own,
By Henry Stafford's help obtain'd
What reason will'd to be restrain'd.

If any Noble of this Land,
Against great Glosters will did stand,
Old Buckingham with might and power,
In grievous woes did him devour.

He

He hop'd when Richard was made King,
He would much greater honours bring
To Buckingham, adorn his name,
And well reward him for the same.

In Clarence death he had a hand,
And 'gainst K. Edwards Queen did stand,
And to her Sons bore little love,
When he as bastards would them prove.

King Edward swore him by his Oath,
In true allegiance to them both,
Which if I fail, I wish much ill,
All Christians curse may light on me.

It so fell out on All-Souls day,
By Law his Life was ta'ne away;
He had his will, though not his will,
For Treasons end is always ill.

In London having pleaded Claim,
And Richard thereby won the Game,
He challenged honour for his pain,
But was rewarded with disdain.

On which disgrace within few hours,
Great Buckingham had raisd his powers:
But all in vain, the King was strong,

And

And Stafford nedes must suffer wyond.

His army fail'd and durst not stand,
Upon a Traytors falle command,
Being thus deceiv'd, old Stafford fled,
And knew not where to hide his head.

The King with speed to have him found,
Did offer full ten thousand pound,
Thus Richard sought to cast him down,
All hole wit did win him Englands Crown.

The Plain old Mayr his life to save,
Of his own men did succour crave;
In hope that he would him relieve,
That late much Land to him did give.

Bald Banister this man was nam'd,
By this vile deed for ever sham'd,
It is, quoth he, a common thing,
To injure him that wrong'd his King.

King Edwards Children he betray'd,
The like against him I will have plaid;
Being true, my heart him greatly grac'd,
But proving falle that love is past.

Thus Banister his master sold

Unto

Unto his foe the hire of gold,
But mark his end and rightly see,
The just reward of treachery.

The Duke by Law did lose his head,
For him they sought to do most good,
The man that wrought his masters woe,
By lingring grief was brought full low.

For when the King did hear him speak,
How basely he the Duke did take,
Instead of Gold gave him disgrace,
With banishment from Town to place.

Thus Banister was forc'd to beg,
And crave for food with cap and leg,
But none on him would bread bestow,
That to his Master prov'd a foe.

Thus wandring in this poor estate,
Repenting his misdeed too late,
Till starved he gave up his breath,
By no man pittied at his death.

To woful end his children came,
Sore punisht for their Fathers shame:
Within a kennel one was drown'd,
Where water scarce could hide the ground:

Another by the powers divine,
Was strangely eaten up of swine:
The last a woful ending makes
By strangling in an empty Jakes.

Let traytors thus behold and see,
And such as false to Masters be,
Let disobedient sons draw near,
The judgements well may touch them near.

Both old and young that live not well,
Look to be plagu'd from Heaven or Hell.
So have you heard the story than
Of this great Duke of Buckingham.

The woful death of Queen Jane, Wife to Kin
Henry the Eighth, and how King Edward w
cut out of his Mothers Belly.

The Tune is, The Lamentation of the Lord
Essex.

WHena's King Henry rul'd this Land
He had a Queen Hunderstand,
Lord Seimors daughter fair and bright,
King Henries comfort and delight:
Yet death by his remorseless power,
Did blast the bloom of his sweet flower.

Oh Mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Elizabeth the Flower of England's dead.

His former Queens being wrapt in lead,
This Gallant Dame possest his bed;
Where rightly from her womb did spring
A joyful comfort to her King,
A welcome blessing to the Land,
Preserv'd by Gods most holy hand.
Oh Mourn, &c.

The Queen in travel pained sore
full thirty woful days and more,
And no way could delivered be,
Is every Lady wight to see.
Wherefore the King made greater moan
Then ever yet his Grace had shown.
Oh Mourn, &c.

King something eased in his mind,
His eyes a slumbering sleep did find,
Where dreaming he had lost a Rose,
Of which he could not well suppose,
Whip he had, a Rose by name,
No, it was his Royal Jane.
Oh Mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Bewail your Queen, &c.

Being thus perplext with grief and care,
A Lady to him did repair,
And said, O King, shew us thy will,
The Queens love like to lade us till,
If she cannot delivered be,
Yet save the flower though not the tree.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane, &c.

Then down upon his tender knee
For help from heaven prayed he,
Mean while into a sleep they cast
His Queen, which evermore did last,
And opening then her tender womb
Alive they took this budding bloom.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane, &c.

This babe so born much comfort brought
And chear'd his Fathers drooping thought.
Prince Edward he was call'd by name,
Graced with vertue, wit and fame,
And when his Father left this earth,
He rul'd this Land by lawfull birth.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane your Queen, &c.

But mark the powerfull will of heaven,
We from his joy were soon bereaven.
Six years he reigned in this land,
And then obeyed Gods commands.
And left his crown to Mary peer,
Whose five years reign cost England dear,
Oh mourn, &c.

Elizabeth reign'd next to her,
Europes pride and Englands star,
Wonder of the world, for such a Queen
Under Heaven was never seen,
A Maid, a Saint and Angel bright,
In whom all Princes took delight
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Elizabeth the flower of England's dead.

A short and sweet Sonnet made by one of the Maids of honour, upon the death of Elizabeth, which she sewed upon a sampler in red silk.

The Tune is, *Phillida flouts me.*

I
GOne is Elizabeth,
whom we have lov'd so dear,
She our kind Mistris was,
full four and forty year.

England she governd well,
not to be blamed,
Flanders she govern'd well,
and Ireland tamed,
France she befriended,
Spain she had foyled,
Papists resisted,
and the Pope spoyled,
To Princes powerful,
to the world vertuous,
To her foes merciful,
to Subjects gracious.
Her Soul is in Heaven,
the world keeps her Story,
Subjects her good deeds,
and so ends my Story.

The Life and Death of Famous Lord Stukely, an English Gallant in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who ended his days in a battle of three Kings in Barbary.

The Tune is, King Henries going to Bullen.

IN the west of England,
Born there was I understand,
a famous gallant in his dayes,
By birth a wealthy Clothiers son,
Deeds of wonder he hath done,

to

to purchaſe him a long and laſting praiſe.

If I ſhould tell this ſtory,
Pride was all his Glory,
and lully Stukely he was call'd in Court,
he ſerv'd a Biſhop in the Weſt,
and did accompany the beſt,
maintaining ſtill himſelfe in gallant ſort.

Being thus eſteemed,
and every were well deemed,
he gain'd the favour of a London dame,
Daughter to an Alderman,
Courtis he was called then,
to whom a ſuter gallantly he came.

When he her perſon eyed,
he could not be denyed,
ſo brave a gentleman he was to ſee.
She was quickly made his Wife,
in weal or woe to lead her life,
her father willingly did ſo agree.

Thus in ſtate and pleaſure,
full many days they meaſure,
till cruel death with his regardleſs ſpight,
tore old Courtis to the grave,
thing that Stukely ſtill to have,

that he might revel all in gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed,
But Stukely presumed
to spend a hundred pound that day in wast,
The bravest gallants in the Land,
Had Stukelys purse at their command,
thus merrily the time away he past.

Taverns and Ordinaries
Were his chiefest braveries,
golden Angels there flew up and down,
Ryots were his best delight,
With stately feasting day and night,
in Court and City thus he won renown.

Thus wasting Land and living,
By his lawless giving,
at last he sold the pavements of his yard,
Which cover'd were with blocks of tin,
Old Courtis left the same to him,
which he consumed lately as you heard.

Whereat his wife so grieved,
Desir'd to be relieved,
make much of me dear husband, she did say
I'le make much more of thee, quoth he,
Than any one shall verily,

I'le sell thy Cloaths and so will go away.

Cruelly thus hard hearted,
Away from her he parted,
and travel'd into Italy with speed;
There he flourisht many a day,
In his silks and rich array,
and did the pleasures of a Lady feed.

It was the Ladies pleasure,
To give him gold and Treasure,
to maintain him great pomp and same,
At last came news assuredly,
Of a fought battle in Barbary,
and he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a noble Gallant
Sold both Land and Talent,
to follow Stukely in this famous Fight.
Whereas three Kings in person would
Adventurously with courage bold,
within the battle shew themselves in Fight,

Stukely and his followers all,
Of the King of Portugal
had entertainment like to Gentlemen.
The King affected Stukely so,
That he his secrets all did know,

and boze thy Royal Standard now and then.

Upon this day of honour,
Each King did shew his banner,
Morocco and the King of Barbary,
Portugal with all his train,
Bravely glittering on the plain,
and gave the onset there most valiantly.

The cannons they reboumded,
Thundring Drums rebounded,
kill, kill, as then was all the Souldiers cry
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the Earth was drown'd,
the Sun was likewise darkned in the Sky.

Heaven was so displeased,
And would not be appeased,
but tokens of Gods heavy wrath did show,
That he was angry at this war,
He sent a fearfull blazing Star,
whereby these Kings might their misfortunes know

Bloody was the slaughter,
Or rather wilfull murder,
where fifteen thousand fighting men were slain,
Three Kings within this Battel dy'd,
With forty Dukes and Earls beside,
the

the like will never more be sought again.

With woful arms infolding,
Stukely stood beholding,
this bloody sacrifice of Souls that day.
He fighting said, I woful wight
Against my conscience here do fight,
and brought my followers all unto decay.

Being thus molested,
And with grief opprest,
those brave Italians that did sell their lands,
With Stukely thus to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
upon him all did lay their murthering hands.

Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with sorrow sounded,
and to them all he made this heavy moan:
Thus have I left my Country dear,
To be so vilely murthered here,
even in this place whereas I am not known.

My wife I have much wronged,
Of what to her belonged,
I vainly spent in idle course of life;
What I have done is past I see,
And bringeth nought but grief to me,
there-

therefore grant me pardon gentle wife.

Life I see consumeth,
And death I feel presumeth
to change this Life of mine into a new,
Yet this my greatest comfort brings,
I liv'd and dy'd in love of Kings,
and so Stukely bids the world adieu.

Stukely's Life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
and like a Souldier buried gallantly,
Where now there stands upon his grave,
A stately Temple builded brave,
with golden Turrets piercing to the sky.

A most Royal Song of the Life and Death of our late Renowned Princess Queen Elizabeth.

The Tune is, The Ladies Fall.

IN England reigned once a King,
eight Henry call'd by name,
Which made fair Anne of Bulloin Queen
of England in great fame:
Who brought unto this Country joy,
and to her King delight,
A daughter that in England made

God

Gods Goſpel ſhine moſt bright.

At Greenwich was the Princes born,
that gallant place in Kent,
A houſe belov'd of Kings and Queens,
a houſe of ſweet content.
Even in her Childhood ſhe began,
ſo ſtor'd with heavenly grace,
That all eſtates both high and low,
her vertues did embrace.

None like Elizabeth was found,
in Learning ſo Divine,
She had the perfect skilfull art,
of all the Muſes nine:
In Latine, Greek, and Hebrew ſhe
moſt excellent was known,
To forreign Kings Ambaſſadors,
the ſame was dayly ſhown.

The Italian, French, and Spaniſh tongue,
ſhe well could ſpeak or read,
The Turkiſh and Arabian ſpeech,
grew perfect at her need.
The muſick made her wonderfull,
ſo cunning therein found,
The fame whereof about the world,
in Princes ears did ſound.

Yet when her Royal parents lives
by death were tane away,
And her dear mother Edward turn'd
to clods of earth and clay.
Her cruel sister Mary loughe
her lasting grief and woe,
Regarding not the gifts which God
upon her did bestow.

A bloody reign Queen Mary liv'd,
a Papist in belief,
Which was unto Elizabeth
a great heart-breaking grief.
A faithful Protestant she was,
at which Queen Mary spighted,
And in Elizabeths mishaps
she daily much delighted.

Poor Walden by the Bishops wills,
in Prison she was put,
And from her friends and comforters,
in cruel manner shut.
Much hoping she would turn in time,
and her true faith forsake.
But firm she was, and patiently
did all theese troubles take.

Her sister forthwith gave command,

her

her dyet to be small,
Her servants likewise very few,
yea almost none at all,
And also would have tane her life,
but that King Philip said,
O Queen thy country will report,
thou hast the Tyger plaid.

The Lord thus put the King in mind
his chosen Saint to save,
And also to Queen Maries life
a sudden ending gave,
And so Elizabeth was fetcht
from prison to a Crown,
Which she full four and forty years,
possest with great renown.

She Popery first of all suppress,
and in our English tongue,
Did cause Gods Bible to be read,
which Heaven continue long.
Pure preaching likewise she obtain'd,
with plenty in this Land,
And still against the foes thereof,
most zealously did stand.

The pride of Rome this Queen abates,
and spightful Spain keeps under,

And succour'd much low Country States,
whereat the world did wonder,
That such a worthy Queen as she
should work such worthy things,
And bring more honour to this Land,
than all our former Kings.

The gold still brought from Spanish mines
in spight of all our foes
Throughout all parts of Christendome,
her brave adventure shows.
Her battels fought upon the Seas,
resounded up to Heaven,
Which to advance her fame and praise,
had victory still given.

The Spanish power in Eighty Eight,
which thirsted for her blood,
Most nobly like an Amazon,
their purposes withstood,
And boldly in her Royal Camp,
in person she was seen,
The like was never done I think,
by any English Queen.

Full many a Traytor since that time,
she hath confounded quite,
And not the bloodiest mind of all

her

her courage could affright,
or mercy joyn'd with Majesty
still made her Foes her friends,
by pardoning many which deserv'd
to have untimely ends.

Tyrone with all his Irish rout
of Rebel in that Land,
though ne'r so desperate, bold and stout,
yet fear'd her great command.
She made them quake and tremble sore
but for to hear her name,
she planted peace in that fair Land,
and did their wildness tame.

Though wars she kept with dangers great,
in Ireland, France and Spain:
yet her true subjects still at home,
in safety did remain;
they joy'd to see her Princely face,
and would in numbers run
to meet her Royal Majesty,
more thick than Motes in Sun.

But time that brings all things to end,
a swift foot course did run:
and of this Royal Maiden Queen,
a woful conquest won.

Her death brought fear upon the Land,
no words but tales of woe
In subjects ears refounded then,
where ever men did go.

But fear exchang'd to present joys,
sweet comforts loud did ring,
Instead of Queen the people cry'd,
long live our Royal King.
Which name of King did seem most strange
and made us for to muse:
Because full many a year the name
of King we did not use.
But such a noble King is he,
and so maintains our peace,
That we in that may dayly wish,
his life may never cease.
Our hopefull and most Royal Prince
good Angels still defend,
This is my Muses chief desire,
her melody to end.

A Song of a King and a Beggar.

I Read that once in Africa,
a Prince that there did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
as Poets they did feign:

From natures Lawes he did decline,
For lure he was not of my Mind,
He cared not for Mortan-kind,
but did them all disdain:
But mark what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a Beggar all in Gray,
which did increase his pain.

The blinded Boy that shoots so trim,
from Heaven soon did hie,
He drew a Dart and shoot at him,
in place where he did lye:
Which soon did pierce him to the quick,
For when he felt the Arrow prick,
Which in his tender heart did stick,
he look'd as he would dye.
What sudden change is this (quoth he)
That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
but still did it deny.

Then from the window he did come
and laid him on his bed,
A thousand heaps of cares do run
within his troubled head:
For now he means to crave her love,
And now he seeks which way to prove,

How he his Fancy might remove,
and not this Beggar wed,
But Cupid did him so enchare,
That this poor Beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
or else he would be dead.

And as he musing thus did lye,
he thought for to devise
How he might have her company.
that so did maze his eyes:
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life,
For surely thou shalt be my Wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife,
the gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his Palace gate he goes,
Full little then this Beggar knows,
when she the King espies.

The Gods preserve your Majesty,
the Beggars all began to cry,
Vouchsafe to give your Charity,
our Children food to buy.
The King to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste,
The silly woman was the last,
that after them did hie.

The King he call'd her back again,
And unto her he gave his Chain,
And said, with us thou shalt remain,
till such time as I dye.

For surely thou shalt be my Wife,
and honoured like the Queen,
With thee I mean to lead my life,
as shortly shall be seen.
Our wedding shall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree;
Come, on quoth he, and follow me,
thou shalt go shift thee clean.
What is thy name, go on, quoth he.
Penolophon, O King, quoth she,
With that she made a low courtesie,
a trim one as I ween.
Thus hand in hand along they walk
unto the Kings Palace,
The King with courteous comely talk
this Beggar doth imbrace:
The Beggar blushed Scarlet red,
And straight again as pale as lead,
she was in such a maze:
At last she spake with trembling voice
And said, O King, I do rejoyce.
That you will take me for your choice,
and my degree's so base.

And when the Wedding day was come,
the King commanded straight
The Noblemen both all and some,
upon the Queen to wait:
And she behav'd her self that day,
As if she had never walkt that way,
She had forgot her gown of Gray,
which she did wear of late:
The proverb old is come to pass,
The Priest when he begins his Mass,
Forgets that ever Clerk he was,
he know'th not his estate.

Here you may read Cophetua,
through fancy long time led,
Compelled by the blinded Boy,
the Beggar for to wed:
He that did Lovers looks disdain,
To do the same was glad and fain,
Or else he would himself have slain,
in stories as we read:
Disdain no whit, O Lady dear,
But pitty now thy servant here,
Lest that it hap to thee this year,
as to that King it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
during their Princely raign,

nd in a Tomb were buried both,
as Writers shew us plain:
he Lords they took it grievously,
he Ladies took it heavily,
he Commons cryed piteously,
their death to them was pain,
heir fame did sound so passingly,
hat it did pierce the starry Sky,
nd throughout all the world did fly
to every Princes Realm.

A Lovers Song in praise of his Mistris.

To the Tune of, Apelles.

f that Apelles now did raign,
who ever sought for to have fame,
might have won with lesser pain
a greater honour to his name,
with great pain he sought all Greece
ll he had found the fairest piece.

roughout all Greece he could not view
so fair, so soft, so fine withall,
yet his pencill ever drew
so fair a piece, nor ever shall.
herefore if he has seen these days,
might have won a greater praise.

O happy man might he have said,
if he had lived to this time,
For to have seen so fair a Maid,
in all proportion made so fine,
Her fulgent face so fair, so clear,
That Europe cannot shew her peer.

Pigmalion with his gravers then,
could never work so fair a piece,
Nor yet Apelles in his time,
did ever see the like in Greece;
For if he had he would have said,
That Venus was not like this Maid.

She is a graft of noble growth,
and worthy is she of her fame,
For why her vertue plainly show'th,
that well she hath deserv'd the same.
Wherefore my painfull pen always
Shall never cease to write her praise.

Oh that my Pen could Print her praise,
according to her just desert,
That I may say and see those dayes,
that I desired with my heart,
For still I thought and ever shall
My Mistris praise might pass them all.

Now proof and praise in one is knit,

and hath blown to praise this Maid,
And justice doth in judgment sit,
for to perform what you have said:
Thus to conclude, an end to make,
Unto the Gods I here betake.

Another.

To a New Tune.

THE Bee doth love the sweetest flower,
So doth the blossom the April shower,
And I do love that Lady truly,
Why should not I love her that loves me?
The Bird doth love the morning bright,
To see the day is her delight,
And I do love to see her face,
In whom that I do love is my solace.

The Fish doth love the Floods by kind,
For want of them they are but pin'd,
And I do love her presence also,
Whom I do love and love no moe:
The Leopard doth love to lye and prey
Upon the faces that go him by,
And I do love to look and gaze,
Upon my true loves pleasant face.

The deer doth love in Woods to dwell,

As I to you the truth shall tell,
And I do love as doth the Deer,
Oh where I love, would that I were!
Troilus that Lord withal his might,
Chryseid of Troy that was so bright,
And I do love as fat as he,
And ever shall until I dye.

A servant's sorrow for the loss of his late Royall Mistriss, Queen Anne, who deceased at Hampton-Court, the second of March, 1618.

The Tune is, In sad and Ashey weeds.

IN dole and deep distress
poor soul I sighing make my moan,
A doom of heavinels
constrains my heavy heart to groan.
then haplels I
that thus must cry
Against those sisters three,
with to my pain,
her life have tane,
That late did comfort me.

In sable weeds I mourn,

my

my Princes absence to condole
Who never can return
unto my sad forsaken soul.
yet will I show
the grounds of woe,
Of such as mourners be,
for sorrowing care
will be my share,
When none will comfort me.

My golden Sun is fled,
and clearest day belet with clouds,
A hollow chest of Lead
my late beloved Princes shrouds.
for whose sweet sake
this moan I make,
As all the world may see,
there is no joy,
but in annoy,
Then who can comfort me.

With grief I walke away,
remembring of my gracious Queen
We servants all may say,
and witness well what she hath been,
a Princes kind,
of Royal mind,
Adorn'd with courtesie,

but

but now a grave
Her Grace will have,
And none will comfort me.

Oh let my sorefull cryes
to saduess Court and Country move,
No mourning may suffice
to tell my dear affecting love,
nor worlds of woe,
cannot well show,
The griefs, that settled be
within my breast,
so much distrest,
So none can comfort me.

Yet mourners there be store
of Kings, of States, and Princes high
Who sadly do deplore
the want of that sweet Majesty:
who spent her days,
in vertuous ways,
And doing good, we see:
her liberal hand
adorn'd this Land
Which much doth comfort me.

My Soveraign Lord King James
lamenting moans his Turtle Dear,

And

And Princely Charles out-streams
full many a sad and sorrowfull tear,
so as that race
of Royall Grace
And blooms of Majesty,
conjoyn in one,
for to make moan,
Yet none will comfort me.

The Palsgrave of the Rhine,
with Denmarks most true honoured King,
Unto sad sorrows shrine,
some sacrificing tears will bring:
Elizabeth,
thy Mothers death
A mournfull news will be,
to fill those Courts with sad reports,
Yet no man Comforts me.

Methinks the Netherlands,
and German Princes of her Kin,
Possest with sorrow stand,
and sadly thus their grief begin:
Farewell, adieu,
sweet Queen so true,
Thy life much mist will be;
for Rich and Poor
fed on thy store,

But

But now none comforts me.

Where e're her highnels went,
Swæt bounty frankly she bestow'd,
The gifts that God her lent,
unto the world she nobly show'd:
with many ways
advanc'd her praise,
So full of good was she,
the which did move
all men to love,
But now none comforts me.

Your Ladies fair and fine,
attendants on this Royal Queen,
Her grace is made Divine
on this dull earth not to be seen,
her soul is flown
up to the Throne
Where Angels reigning be,
whilst I aspire
to vain desire,
For now none comforts me.

Oh blessed be that mould
which shall contain so Swæt a prize,
Keep safe the same inroll'd,
untoucht, unseen by mortall eyes.

till

till from this Earth
a ſecond birth
Of newneſs framed be,
and till that hour
preſerve this flower,
Whoſe goodneſs comforts me.

A Queen and Mother dear
a Wife, a Daughter to a King,
A Siſter Royal here,
and Grandam as renown doth ring:
which rich born fame
hath grac'd her name,
Though all now buried be,
yet after days
ſhall ſound her praiſe,
Which greatly comforts me.

The good Shepherd's ſorrow for the death of his beloved Son.

To an Excellent New Tune.

I N ſad and aſhy weeds
I ſigh, I pine, I grieve, I mourn,
My Oats and yellow Reeds
I now to Jeat and Ebon turn,

my

my turgid eyes,
like winter skyes,
My furrowed cheeks oreflow,
all Heaven knows why
men mourn as I,
And who can blame my woe?

In sable Robes of night,
my dayes of joy apparel'd be
My sorrows see no light,
my light through sorrows nothing see;
for now my sun
his date hath run,
And from his Sphere doth go,
to endless bed
of folded Lead,
And who can blame my woe?

My flocks I now forsake,
that silly sheep my grief may know,
And lillies loath to take,
that since his fall presume to grow:
I envy aye,
because it dare,
Still breath, and be not so,
hate earth that doth
intombeh is youth,
And who can blame my woe?

Not

Now I poor lad alone,
(alone how can such sorrow be)
Not only men make moan,
but more than men make moan with me?
the Gods of Greens,
the Mountain Queens,
The Fairy circled Row,
the Muses nine,
the Nymphs divine,
Do all condole my woe.

You awful Gods of skies,
if Shepherds may your question thus:
What Ditty to supply,
took you this Gentle Star from us?
is Hermes fled?
is Cupid dead?
Doth Sol his Lear forgot:
or Jove his Joy,
he stole from Troy;
Or who hath cram'd this woe?

Did not mine eyes, O Heaven,
adore your light as before:
But that amidst you seven,
you fixed have one planet more:
you may well raise
now double days

On this sad Earth below,
your powers have won
another Sun,
And who can blame my woe?

At your great hands I ask
this boon which you may easily grant,
That till my utmost mask
of death I still may moan his want,
since his divine
parts with you shine
Too bright for us below,
and earths sad wreck
entombs the rest,
Yet mine is all the wrack.

Corydon's Comfort.

The Second Part of the good Shepherd.

To the same Tune.

PEace Shepherd, cease to moan,
in vain is all this grief and woe,
For him that's from us gone,

and can alack return no moe,
but yet indeed
the Oaten Reed
And mirth thou late blost know,
I blame thee not
if now forgot,
For who can blame my woe.

The breath had once a sound
harmonious, is in sighing spent:
The Temples once were bound
with chaplets, or a pleasant scent,
now Cypress wear
thy grief and care
To all the world of show,
the pipe so swece,
thy lips so meet,
And who can blame thy woe?

The murmur of the brook
hath been delightfull to thy ear,
Much pleasure hast thou took
sweet Philomela's note to hear:
to see that quire
from bush to bryer
Trap lightly to and fro,
the Summers Queen,
attir'd in green,
But now 'tis nothing so.

To see the Queen of flowers,
when hoary Hyems part is done,
Deck up those Summer Bowers,
defend us from the parching Sun:
to see the ground
embroidered round,
And every tree to show
his virid dye
hath pleas'd thine eye,
But now 'tis nothing so.

Too well I know thy sheep
at random graze upon the plain:
Grief lulls thee now asleep,
and now thou walk'st to grief again:
asleep awake,
for his dear sake,
Some sign of sorrow show:
no bed of rest
can ease thy breast,
And who can blame thy woe?

No man, the man that knew
for whom our fainting bodies wear
The robes of saddest hue,
and woes more black imbrewed bear,
can well forbear
to shed a tear,

Eyes still will overflow,
pale sorrows curse
hath still such scope,
Then who can blame my woe?

Then woes I cannot blame
but in sorrows bear a part,
yet now to patience frame,
and see the salve cures all our smart:
this bud is dead,
is gone, is fled,
But in his place doth grow,
a Flower as fair,
as fresh as rare,
And he cures all our woe.

A Mournfull Ditty for the Death of the fair Rosamond King Henry the Seconds Concubine.

To the Tune of, Flying Fame.

WHen as King Henry Rul'd this Land,
The second of that name,
Besides the Quæn he dearly lov'd
A fair and Princely Dame:
Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her Favour and her Grace,

A sweeter creature in the world
did never Prince embrace.
Her crisped locks like threds of Gold
appeared to each mans sight:
Her comely eyes like Orient Pearls
did cast a heavenly light.
The blood within her Christal cheeks
did such a colour drive,
As though the Lilly and the Rose,
for Wallerthip did strive.
Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was called so,
To whom Dame Elinor our Queen
was known a mortal foe:
The King therefore for her defence
Against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a Bower
the like was never seen.
Most curiously this Bower was built:
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this Bower belong:
And them so cunningly contrived
with turnings round about,
That none but by a clew of thread
could enter in or out.
And for his Love and Ladies sake
that was so fair and bright,

The keping of his Bower he gave
Unto a valiant Knight:
But fortune that doth often frown
Where she before did smile,
The Kings delight, the Ladies joy,
full soon she did beguile:
for why the Kings ingratious Son,
whom he did high advance,
Against his Father rais'd Wars,
within the Realm of France:
But yet before our comely King
the English Land forsook,
Of Rosamond, his Lady fair,
his last farewell he took.
O Rosamond, thou only Rose,
that pleaseth best mine eye,
The fairest Rose in all the world
to feed my fantasie:
The flower of mine affected heart,
whose wertues doth excell,
My Royal Rose a thousand times,
I bid thee now farewell.
For I must leave my fancies flower,
my sweetest Rose a space,
And cross the Seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abase.
But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see,

And in my heart while breath I have,
I'le bear my Role with me.
When Rosamond that Lady bright
Did hear the King say so
The sorrow of her griefed heart
Her outward part did show
And from her clear and Crystal eyes
The tears gusht out apace,
Which like the silver pearled dew
ran down her comely face.
Her lips like to a Coral red,
Did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd
Her vital Spirits did fail:
And falling down all in a swound,
Before King Henries face,
Full oft within his Princely arms,
her corps he did embrace,
And twenty times with watery eyes,
he kist her rosie cheek,
Until he had reviv'd again
her senses mild and meek,
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose,
the King did often say,
Because, quoth she, so bloody wars
My Lord must part away.
But sith your Grace in forreign Coasts,
among your foes unkind,

Must go to hazard life and limb,
why should I stay behind?
May rather let me like a Page,
your Shield and Target bear,
That on my breast the blow may light,
that should annoy you there.
O let me in your Royal Tent
prepare your bed at night,
And with sweets Baths refresh your Limbs
at your return from fight.
So I your presence never from,
no toyl I will refuse,
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true love abuse:
Content thy self my truest Friend,
Thy rest at home shall be,
In Englands sweet and pleasant soyl,
For travel fits not thee.
Fair Ladies brook no bloody wars,
sweet peace their pleasures breed,
The nourishers of their hearts content,
which fancy first doth feed.
My Rose doth rest in Woodstock bowre
with Musicks sweet delight,
While I among the pierced Pikes
against my Foes do fight:
My Rose in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
with Diamonds richly dight

shall

Shall dance the Gallsards of my love
whilst I my foes do smite,
And you Sir Thomas, whom I trust
to be my Loves defence,
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
when I am parted hence:
And therewithall he fetch'd a sigh,
as though his heart would break,
And Rosamond for very grief,
not one plain word could speak.
And at their parting well they might
in heart be grieved sorely.
After that day fair Rosamond
did see the King no more.
For when his Grace had past the Seas,
and into France was gone,
Quæn Elinor with envious heart
in Woodstock came anon:
And forth she call'd this trusty Knight,
which kept this curious Bower,
Who with this twined clew of thread,
came from that famous flower:
And when that they had wounded him,
the Quæn this thread did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond
was like an Angel set.
But when the Quæn with stedfast eyes
beheld her Heavenly face,

She

She was amazed in her mind
at her exceeding grace:
Caſt off thy Robes from thee, ſhe ſaid,
that rich and coſtly be,
And drink thee of this deadly draught,
which I have brought for thee.
But preſently upon her Knee
ſweet Roſamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queen ſhe craved
for her offences all:
Take pity of my youthfull years,
fair Roſamond did cry,
And let me not with Poyſon Cruel
enforced be to die:
I will renounce this ſinful life,
and in a Cloyſter bide,
Or elſe be baniſhe if you pleaſe,
to range the world ſo wide:
And for the fault that I have done,
though I was forc'd thereto,
Preſerve my Life and puniſh me
as you think good to do:
And with theſe words her Lilly hands
ſhe wrung full often there,
And down along her lovely cheeks
proceeded many a tear:
But nothing eaſily this furious Queen
therewith appeaſed be,

The

The Cup of deadly poyson full,
as she sat on her knee,
She gave that comely Dame to drink,
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knees arose
And on her feet did stand.
And casting up her eyes to Heaven,
She did for mercy call,
And drinking up the poyson strong,
her life she lost withall.
And when that death through every limb
Had done her greatest spight,
Her chiefest foes did plain confess
She was a glorious Wight:
Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away
At Godstow near to Oxford Town,
as may be seen this day.

A Most Rare and Excellent History of the Dutchess of Suffolks Calamity.

To the Tune of, Queen Dido.

When God had taken for our sin
that prudent Prince K. Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin,

his

his raging malice to bewray
All those that did Gods word profess,
Are persecuted more or less.

Thus while the Lord did on us lower,
many in prison he did throw,
Tormenting them in Lollards Tower,
whereby they might the truth forgoe:
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest
Where burn'd in fire, who Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with Faggots fill'd,
and many places more besyde,
At Coventry was Sanders kill'd
at Worster eke good Hooper dy'd:
And to escape this bloody day,
Beyond Seas many went away.

Amongst the rest that sought relief,
and for their faith in danger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was the chief,
King Henries Daughter of Royal blood,
Within the Tower did Prisoner lye,
Looking each day when she should dye.

The Dutchess of Suffolk seing this,
whose like likewise the Tyrant sought,
Then in the hope of heavenly bliss,
within

within Gods Word her comfort wrought
For fear of death was fain to flye,
And leave the house most secretly.

That for the love of Christ alone,
her Lands and Goods she left behind,
Seeking still for that precious stone,
the Word of truth to gain to find:
She with her Maid, her Husband and Child,
In poor array their flight beguil'd.

Thus through London they passed along,
each one did take a several street,
Thus all unknown escaping wrong,
at Billingsgate they all did meet:
Like people poor in Gravesend Barge,
They simply went with all their charge.

And along from Gravesend Town,
with Journeys short on foot they went,
Unto the Seas coast they came down,
to pass the Seas was their intent:
And God provided so that day,
That they took Ship and sail'd away.

And with a prosperous wind,
in Flanders safe they did arrive:
This was to their great ease of mind,

and

and from their hearts with woe did drive:
And so with thanks to God on high,
They took their way to Germany.

Thus as they travel'd still disguis'd
upon the High-way suddenly,
By cruel Thieves they were surpriz'd
allaying their small company:
And for their treasure and their store,
They took away and beat them sore.

The Nurse in middle of the fight,
laid down the child upon the Ground,
She run away out of their sight,
and never after that was found:
Then did the Dutches make great moan,
With her good Husband all alone.

The Thieves had their horses kill'd,
and all their money quite had took,
The merry Baby almost spoil'd,
was by the Nurse likewise forsook,
And they far from their friends did stand,
All succourless in a strange Land.

The Skies likewise began to scoule,
it hail'd and rain'd in piteous sort;
The way was long and piteous foul,

Then

then may I now full well repoze
Their grief and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the Dutchess boze the Child,
as well as ever she could be,
And when the Lady kind and mild
was weary, then the child boze he:
And thus they one another eas'd,
And with their sorrunes were well pleas'd.

And after many weary steps,
all wet-shod both in dirt and mire
After much grief their heart it leaps,
for labour doth some rest require:
A Town before them they did see,
But lodg'd therein they could not be.

From house to house then they did go,
seeking where they that night might lye;
But want of money was their woe,
and still the Babe with cold did cry:
With cap and knee they cour'sie make,
But none on them would pitty take.

Loe here a Princess of great blood,
doth pray a peasant for relief,
With tears bedewed as she stood,

yet

yet few or none regards her grief;
Her speech they could not understand,
But gave her money in her hand.

When all in vain their pains were spent,
and that they could not house-room get,
Into a Church-Porch then they went,
to stand out of the rain and wet.
Then said the Dutchess to her Dear,
Oh, that we had a Fire here.

Then did her Husband so provide,
that Fire and Coals he got with speed,
She sat down by the Fire side,
to dress her Daughter that had need:
And whilst she drest it in her Lap,
Her Husband made the Infant Pap.

Anon the Sexton thither came,
and finding them there by the Fire,
The drunken Knave, all void of shame,
to drive them out was his desire:
And spurning forth that Noble Dame,
Her Husbands wrath it did inflame.

And all in fury as he stood,
he wrung the Church Keys out his hand,
And struck him so, that all the blood

his head ran down where he did stand:
Wherefore the Sexton presently,
For help and aid aloud did cry,

Then came the officers in haste,
and took the Dutchess and her Child,
And with her husband thus they past,
like Lambs beset with Tygers wild:
And to the Governour were brought,
Who understood them not in ought.

Then Master Barry brave and bald
in Latine made a gallant Speech,
Which all their misery did unfold,
and their high favour did beseech:
With that a Doctor sitting by,
Did know the Dutchess presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
with words abaised at this sight,
Unto them all that there did wait
he thus broke forth in words aright:
Behold within your sight, quoth he,
A princess of most high degree.

With that the Governour and the rest
were all amaz'd the same to hear,
Who welcomed this new come Guest,

with reverence great and Princly chear,
And afterwards convey'd they were
Unto their friend, Prince Cassemere.

A Son she had in Germany,
Peregrine Bartu call'd by name,
Surnam'd the good Lord Willoughby,
of courage great and worthy fame:
Her Daughter young which with her were
Was afterwards Countess of Kent.

For when Queen Mary was betrait,
the Dutchess home return'd again,
Who was of sorrow quite releast,
by Queen Elizabeths happy reign;
Whole godly life and piety
We still may praise continually.

The lamentable fall of the great Duke of Glocester, the Wife to Duke Humfrey; how she did Penance in London Streets bare-footed, with a Wax Candle in her hand, and how at last she was banished the Land, where in Exile, in the Isle of Man, she ended her days in woe.

To the Tune of, Fortune my Foe.

I Once a Dutchess was of great renown,
My Husband near allied to Englands Crown,
The good Duke of Humfrey titled was his name,
Till Fortune frown'd upon his glorious fame,
Henry the Fifth, that King of gallant grace,
Of whom my Husband claim'd a Brothers place,
And was Protector made of his young Son,
When Princely Henries thred of life was spun.

Henry the Sixth, a Child of nine months old,
Then rul'd this Land, with all our Barons bold,
And in brave Paris Crowned King of France,
And England with more honour to advance:
Then sway'd Duke Humfrey like a glorious King
And was Protector over every thing,

Even

Even as he would please to his hearts desire,
But Envy soon extinguisht all his fire.

In height of all his Pompall Majesty,
From Cobham-House with speed he married me,
Fair Elianor, the pride of Ladies all,
In Court and City people did me call;
Then flaunted I in Greenwich stately Towers,
My Winters Mansions & my Summers Bowers
Which gallant House now, since those days, hath
The Palace brave of many a King & Queen, been

The silver Thames that swaetly pleas'd mine eye,
Procur'd me golden thoughts of Majesty;
The kind contents, and murmur of the water,
Made me forget the woes that would come after:
No gallant Dame, nor Lady in this Land,
But much desired in my love to stand;
My Golden Pride increased day by day,
As though such pleasures never would decay.

On Gold and Silver Looms my Garments fair,
Were woven still by women, strange and rare,
Embroidered curiously with Median Silk,
More white than thistle-down, or mornings milk:
My Coaches and my stately pamper'd Steeds,
Well furnisht in their Gold betrapped Weeds,
With gentle glidings in the Summer Nights,
Still yielded me the Evenings sweet delights.

An hundred Gentlemen in purple chains,
As many Virgin Maids were still in trains,
The Queen of Egypt with her pomp and glory,
For treasure could not equal this my story:
But yet at last my golden Sun declined,
And Englands Court at these my joyes repined,
For soon my Husband in his honour'd place,
Amongst the Barons reaped some disgrace.
(height,
Which grudge being grown, & sprung up to that
Unto his charge they laid some crime of weight,
And then in Prison cast good Royal Duke,
Without mis-deed he suffered vile rebuke:
They took from him their great Protectors name,
Through caules which those Peers did falsly
And after overcome with malice deep, (frame,
My noble Lord they murthered in this Creep.

The kind young King having thus his uncle lost,
Was day by day with troubles vext and tost,
For such ambition in the Land then bred,
That from the factious Houle of York took head:
Oh Kingly Lancaster, my Husband's line,
His death began his fall as well as mine,
For being dead his Livings and his Lands
They seized all into King Henries hands:
And after turn'd me friendless out of door,
To spend my dayes like to a Woman poor.

Discharging

Discharging me from all my pompal train,
But Elenor would a Lady my remain.

The Noble spirit of a Womans will,
Within my breast did burn in fury still,
And raging so in my revengefull mind,
Till I the Murtherers of my Lord did find.
But knowing them to be of power and might,
Of whom no Justice could by Law take right,
But yet to nourish up my thoughts in evil,
I crav'd the help of Hell and of the Devil.

To practise Witch-craft then was my intent,
And therefore for the Witch of Ely sent.
And for old Bullingbrook of Lancashire,
Of whom for charms the Land stood much in fear:
We slept by day, and walkt at midnight hours,
The time that spells have force & greatest powers,
The twilights and the dawning of the morns,
When Elves & Fairies take their gliding forms.

Red streaming blood fell down my a-cur'd veins
To make Characters in round circled veins,
With dead mens sculs by brimstone burned quite,
To raise the dreadful shadows of the night:
All this by black inchanting Arts to spill
Their hated bloods that did Duke Humfrey kill,
My Royall Lord, untimely ta'ne from me,
Yet no revengement for him I could see.

For by the hand of justful dooming Heaven,
We were prevented all, and notice given,
How we by Witch craft sought the spoil of those
That secretly had been Duke Humfreys Foes:
Wherefore my two Companions for this Crime,
Did suffer Death, e're Nature spent their time;
Poor Elianor I, because of Noble birth,
Endur'd a stranger punishment than Death.

It pleased so the Council of my King.
To be dis-rob'd of every gorgeous thing;
My Chains, my Rings, and jewels of such prize,
Were chang'd to rags more base than ruged frize
And by Command along each London street,
To go in Pennance, wrapped in a Sheet,
Bare-footed, with a Tapor in my hand,
The like did never Lady in this Land.

My Feet that lately trod the steps of Pleasure,
Now flinty stones so sharp were forc'd to measure
Yet none alive, where I did come or go,
Durst shed one trickling tear at this my woe.
Break heart and die, here ended not my pain,
I judged was an Exile to remain,
And go a banisht Lady from this place,
Where in my blooming youth I liv'd in grace.

The remnant of those years which God me gave,
Poor

Poor banisht Eleanor (pent to find her Grave,
And left this Land, where she was bred and born
In forreign Soyles for her misdeeds to mourn:
The Ile of Man, incompast by the Sea,
To England, named to unto this day,
Imprison'd me within the watry Roundy,
Till Time & Death found me a burying Ground.

Full nineteen years in sorrow this I spent,
Without one hour or minute of content,
Remembring former joys of modell like,
Whilst I bore name of good Duke Humfryes wife
The sols of Greenwich towers did grieve me sore,
But death of my dear Lord ten thousand more.
Yea, all the joys once in my Bower and Hall,
Are Darts of grief to wound me now withal.

Farewel dear friends, farewel my Courtly traines
My late Renown is turn'd to ling'ring paines,
My melody of Musicks silver sound,
Are Snakes and Adders hissing on the ground:
The Downy Bed whereon I lay full oft,
Are Sun-burnt heaps of Mols now seeming soft;
And Waxen Tapers lighting to my Bed,
Be Stars about the silver Moon bespred.

Instead of Wine, I drink of waters clear,
Which pays for my delightful Banquets dear:

Thus

Thus changeth ſtately pomp, and courtly joyes,
When pleaſure endeth with ſuch deep annoyes:
My beauteous cheeks where Cupid danc'd & play'd,
Are wrinkled grown, & quite with grief decay'd;
My hair turn'd white, my yellow eyes ſtark blind,
And all my body altered from her kind,

Ring out my Knell you birds in top of Bay,
Quite tir'd with woes, here Elinor needs muſt die.
Receive me Earth into thy gentle womb,
A baniſht Lady craves no other tomb:
Thus dy'd the famous dutcheſs of our Land,
Controul'd by changing fortunes ſtern command;
Let thoſe that ſit in place of high degree,
Think on their ends, that like to her's may be.

A Courtly new Song, of the Princely Wooing of the Fair Maid of London, by King Edward.

To the Tune of, Bonny ſweet Robin.

FAir Angel of England, thy beauty moſt bright
Is all my hearts treaſure, my joy and delight;
Then grant me ſweet Lady, thy true love to be,
That I may ſay, welcome good fortune to me.

The Turtle ſo true and chaſt in her Love,

By

By gentle perswasions, her fancy will move;
Then be not intreated, sweet Lady, in vain,
For Nature requireth what I would obtain.

The Phœnix so famous, that liveth alone,
Is avowed to Chastity, being but one;
But be not, my Darling, so chast in desire,
Lest thou, like the Phœnix, do Penance in fire.

But alas (gallant Lady) I pitty thy state,
In being resolved to live without Mate;
For if of our courting the pleasures you knew,
You would have a liking the same to ensue.

Long time have I sued the same to obtain,
Yet am I requited with scornfull disdain;
But if you will grant your good favour to me,
You shall be advanced to Princely degree.

Promotions and honours may often entice
The chastest that liveth, though never so nice:
What Woman so worthy but will be content
To live in a Palace where Princes frequent.

Two Brides young & Princely to Church have I led,
Two Ladies most worthy have decked my bed,
Yet hath thy love taken more Root in my heart,
Than all their contentment, whereof I had part.

Your

Your gentle hearts can't mens teats much abide,
And women most angry when they least do chide;
Then yield to me kindly, and say that at length,
Men do want merry, and poor women strength.

I grant, that fair Ladies may poor men resist,
But Princes will conquer and love whom they list
A King may command her to lye by his side,
Whose feature deserveth to be a Kings Bride.

In granting your love, you purchase Renown,
Your head shall be deckt with Engl. fair Crown;
thy garments so gallant with *gold* shall be wrought
If true love for treasure of thee may be bought.

Great Ladies of Honour shall tend on thy train,
Most rich attired with Scarlet in grain,
My chamber most Princely thy person shall keep,
Where Virgins with Musick shall rock thee asleep

If any more pleasures the heart can invent,
Command them, sweet Lady, thy mind to content;
For Kings gallant Courts where Princes do dwell
Afford such sweet pastimes as Ladies love well.

Then be not resolved to die a true Maid,
But print in thy bosom the words I have said,
And grant a King favour thy true love to be,
That I may say, welcome sweet Virgin to me.

The

The fair Maiden of Londons Answer to King Edwards wanton Love.

To the same Tune.

Oh wanton King Edward, 'tis labor in vain,
To follow the pleasures thou canst not attain
Which getting thou loses, and having dost wast it
The which if thou purchase, is shorter if thou hast it

But if thou obtain'st it, thou nothing hast won,
And I losing nothing, yet quite am undone:
But if of that Jewel a King do deprive me,
No King can restore, tho' a Kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed since you saw me last,
My favour is vanisht, my beauty is past,
The rosie red blushes that sat on my cheeks,
To paleness are turn'd, which all men mislikes.

I pass not what Princes for Love do protest,
The name of a Virgin contenteth me best;
I have not deserved to sleep by thy side,
Nor to be accounted for King Edwards Bride.

The name of a Princess I never did crave,
No such type of Honour thy Handmaid will have;

My breast shall not harbour so lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich proffers to wantonness brought.

If wild wanton Rosamond, one of our sort,
Had never frequented King Henries brave Court,
Such heaps of deep sorrow she never had seen,
Nor tasted the rage of so jealous a Queen.

All men have their freedom to shew their intent,
They win not a Woman, except she consent:
Who then can impute to Man any fault,
Who will do go upright until Woman do hault?

'Tis counted a kindness in Men for to try,
And vertue in Women the same to deny;
For Woman unconstant can never be prov'd,
Until by their betters therein they be mov'd.

If Woman and modesty once do but sever,
Then farewell good name Credit and for ever:
And Royall King Edward, let me be exil'd,
E're any man knows that my bodies defil'd.

No, no, my old Fathers reverend tears
Too great an impression within my soul bears,
Nor shall his bright honor that blot by me have,
To bring his gray hairs with grief to the Grave.

The Heavens forbid, then when I shall dye,

That any such sin upon my soul lye:
If I have thus kept me from doing this sin,
My heart shall not yield with a Prince to begin.

Come rather with pity to weep on my tomb,
Than for my birth curse my dear Mothers womb,
That brought forth a blossom white stained the
With wanton desires to shame her and me. (ere,

Leave me (most Noble King) tempt not in vain
My milk-white affections with lewdness to stain;
Though England will give me no comfort at all,
Yet England will grant me a sad burial.

The Story of Ill May-day, in the time of King Henry the Eight, and why it was so called; and how Queen Katherine begged the lives of two thousand London Prentices.

To the Tune of, Ellen good night.

PEruse the Stories of this Land,
and with advisement mark the same,
And you shall fully understand
how Ill May-day first got the name.
For when King Henry the Eight did reign,
and rul'd our famous Kingdom here,
His Royal Queen he had from Spain,
with whom he liv'd full many a year:

Queen

Queen Katherine nam'd, as stories tell,
sometimes his elder Brothers Wife;
By which unlaw'ul Marriage fell
an endless trouble during life:
But such kind love he still conceiv'd,
of his fair Queen and of her Friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
their Journeys fall for England bends.

And with good leave they suffered
within our Kingdom here to stay,
Which multitude made Victuals dear,
and all things else from day to day;
For strangers then did so increase,
by reason of King Henries Queen,
And priviledg'd in many a place
to dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor Tradesmen had small dealing then,
and who but Strangers bore the Bell?
Which was a grief to English men,
to see them here in London dwell:
Wherefore (God-wot) upon May-Eve,
as Prentices on Maying went,
Who made the Magistrates believe,
at all to have no other intent.

But such a May-game it was known,
as like in London never were;

For

For by the same [illegible] many a one,
with loss of life did pay [illegible] dear:
For thousands came with Bloode Blade,
as with an Army they could meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
of forreign strangers in the street,

That all the Channels ran down with blood,
in every street where they remain'd;
Yea, every one in danger stood,
that any of their part maintain'd:
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
beyond the Seas though born and bred,
By Prentices they suffered wrong,
when armed thus they gathered head.

Such multitudes together went,
no warlike Troops could them withstand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
what they by force thus took in hand:
Till at the last King Henries power,
this multitude encompast round,
Where with the strength of Londons Tower,
they were by force supprest and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by Martial Law,
on Sign-posts at their Masters doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,

and frighted from such loud uproars;
And others which the last repented,
(two thousand Prentices at least)
Were all unto the King presented,
as Mayor and Magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tyed,
through Temple-Bar and Strand they go,
To Westminster there to be tryed,
with Ropes about their necks also:
But such a cry in every street,
till then was never heard or known,
By Mothers for their Children sweet,
unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments,
possest the Court with trembling fear;
Whereat the Queen her self relents,
though it concern'd her Country dear:
What if, quoth she, by Spanish blood,
have Londons stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this Countrys good,
and pardon for these Young-men get.

Or else the World will speak of me,
and say Queen Katherine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be,
these young-men did these fortunes find:

And

nd so discrob'd from rich attires,
with hairs hang'd down, the lady lyes,
nd of her gracious Lord requires
a boon, which hardly he denyes.

he lives (quoth she) of all the blooms
yet budding green, these Youths I crave;
let them not have timeless Tombs,
for nature longer limits gave:
saying so, the pearled tears
fell trickling from her Princely eyes;
hereat his gentle Queen he cheers,
and says, stand up, sweet Lady rise.

he lives of them I freely give,
no means this kindness shall debar,
hou hast thy boon, and they may live,
to serve me in my Bullen War:
o sooner was this pardon given,
but peals of joy rung through the hall,
though it thundred down from Heaven,
the Queens renown amongst them all.

which (kind Queen) with joyful heart,
e gave to them both thanks and praise,
d so from them did gently part,
nd liv'd beloved all her days:
when King Henry stood in need

of trusty Souldiers at command:
These Prentices prov'd Men indeed,
and fear'd no force of Warlike Band.

For at the Siege of Tours in France,
they shew'd themselves brave English-men;
At Bullein then they did advance
Saint Georges lusty Standard then:
Let Turwin, Turney, and those Towns,
that good King Henry nobly won,
Tell London's Prentices Renowns,
and of their deeds by them there done.

For Ill May-day, and Ill May-Games,
perform'd in young and tender days,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
or stains of Manhood any ways:
But now it is ordain'd by Law,
we see on May-days Eve at night,
To keep unruly Youths in awe,
by Londons Watch in Armour bright.

Still to prevent the like misdeed,
which once through headstrong young men,
And that's the cause that I do read,
May-day doth get so ill a name,

he Life and Death of the two Ladies of Finsbury, that gave Moor fields to the City, for the Maidens of London to dry Cloaths in

To the Tune of, Where is my true Love.

YOu Gallant London Damsels,
a while to me give ear,
nd be you well contented
with what you now shall hear;
he deeds of two kind Ladies,
before you shall appear:
h Maidens of London so fair.

t Finsbury there dwelled
a gallant Noble Knight,
hat for the love of Jesus Christ
desired for to fight:
nd so unto Jerusalem
he went in Armour bright:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

nd charged both his Daughters,
unmarried to remain,
Till he from blessed Palestine
returned back again;
And then two loving Husbands
for them he would attain:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

When he was gone from fair England,
a Knight of Rhodes rode:
His Daughters they were well content,
though poor of good degree,
To keep themselves in mean estate,
of living orderly:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The eldest of the five was nam'd
fair Mary, as is said,
Who made a secret vow to God,
to live and die a Maid,
And so a true professed Nun
her self with speed array'd:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

Her Garments were of mourning black,
befitting her desires;
Where at the house of Bethlehem,
the Rebels she requires
An entertainment to be made,
to their melodious Quires:
Oh sweet singing Maids so fair.

Where in the Nunnery she remain'd,
beloved many a year;
Still spending day and night in prayers,
for her old Father dear:

Re-

Refuſing worldly vanities,
with joy and pleaſant cheer,
Oh heavenly bleſt Maidens ſo fair.

And in the name of Jeſus Chriſt Chriſt,
a holy Croſs did build,
Which ſome have ſeen at Bedlam Gate,
adjoyning to Moor-field:
Theſe be the bleſſed ſpringing fruits,
that Chaſtity doth yield
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

If that Englands great Royal Queen,
I ſhould be made, quoth ſhe,
Not half ſo well contented then,
good Ladies, ſhould I be:
There is no life that's half ſo ſweet,
as Virgins life I ſee:
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

Nor will I taſt the joys of Love,
belong to Marriage-bed,
Nor to a King conſent to yield
my blooming Maiden-head:
Till from my Father I do hear,
to be alive or dead:
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

So Virgin-like ſhe ſpent her days,
about this pleaſant Spring,

And us'd her self from time to time
upright in every thing:
Which caus'd the Ladies of this Land,
her noble praise to sing:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The youngest of the Sisters named
Dame Annis fair and clear,
Who framed her a pleasant Well,
by her esteemed dear:
Where Wives and Maidens daily came
to wash both far and near:
Oh Heaven blest Maidens so fair.

In it were all her Earthly joys
her comfort and delight,
About the same remaining still
with pleasure day and night:
As glorious as the golden Sun,
in all his beams so bright:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The lovely Ladies of the Land,
unto Dame Annis went,
Perswading her this single life
was not the best content:
The Married sort both most commands,
being still to pleasures bent:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

And dayly troops of [illegible]
unto her did repair;
With purest Lawn and Cambrick fine,
to wash both clear and fair:
And rich Imbroidered [illegible]
of Child-bed Linnen pure;
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

Thus lived these two Sisters here,
as you have heard it told;
Till time had chang'd their beauteous Cheeks,
and made them wrinkled old:
Then from their Father news was brought,
how he was wrapt in Mould;
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

For the King of England soon,
the Duke of Normandy,
Returned from Jerusalem
with Fame and Victory;
And brought their Fathers heart in Lead,
here buried for to be:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

This heart that spilt his dearest blood,
for Jesus Christ in Heaven,
Being thus unto his Daughters twain,
in kindness brought and given;

Was

Was maurized for three hundred days,
from Morning unto Even:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

And then with lamentations,
sweet Maidens being weary,
Their aged Fathers noble heart,
most solemnly did bury,
And gave the place their Fathers Name,
as says our English Story:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

Old Sir John Fines he had the name,
being buried in that place,
Now since then called Fineshury,
to his Renown and Grace,
Which times to come shall not out-wear,
nor yet the same deface:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

And likewise, when those Maidens dy'd,
they gave those pleasant Fields,
Unto our London Citizens,
which they most bravely builds:
And now are made most pleasant Walks,
that great contentment yields
To Maidens of London so fair.

Where lovingly both Man and Wife,
may take the evening Air,

And

And London Dames to bry their Cloaths,
may thither still repair:
For that intent most freely given,
by these two Damsels join,
Unto the Maidens of London for ever.

An excellent Song, made of the Successors of King Edward the Fourth.

To the Tune of, Timon in desperation.

VVhen as the King of England by'd,
Edward the Fourth by Name,
He had two Sons of tender years,
for to succeed the same:
Then Richard Duke of Glocester,
desiring Kingly sway,
Devis'd by Treason how to make
his Nephews both away.

He with the Duke of Buckingham
did closely then contrive
How he unto the English Crown,
might happily atchieve:
Betwixt them both they laid a Plot,
and both together went
To Stony-Stratford, where they met
our King incontinent.

This

This sweet young King did entertain
his Uncle lovingly,
Not thinking of their secret drift,
and wicked Treachery:
But when the Duke of Buckingham
to set abroach the thing,
Began a Quarrel for the nonce,
with them that kept the King.

And there they did Arrest Lord Gray,
the Brother to the Queen,
Her other Brother Lord Rivers,
in durance then was seen:
Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewise,
did then and there Arrest;
Thus was the King of all his Friend,
on sudden dispossest.

The King doth for his Uncles plead,
and would their Sureties be:
But both these Dukes would in no case,
to his request agree.
In brief, these Noblemen were sent
to Pomfret-Castle soon,
Where secretly and suddenly,
they there to death were doom.

Then forth they brought the King alone,
to London with great speed,

Using

Uſing perſwaſions in ſuch ſort
not to miſlike their
But when to London he was come,
for him they had prepar'd
The Biſhops Palace there to hold,
but falſely under Guard.

And then Duke Richmond takes on him
the keeping of the King,
Naming himſelf Lord Protector,
his purpoſe about to bring:
Deviſing how to get in hold
the other Brother too,
The which the Cardinal undertook
full cunningly to do.

The Cardinal then all in haſte,
unto the Quæn did come,
Uſing perſwaſions in ſuch ſort,
he got the other Son:
And then they both incontinent,
unto the Tower were ſent,
After which time they ne'r came forth,
for death did them prevent.

Duke Richmond having found the means,
to work theſe Princes death,
Did cauſe James Tirrils hired men,
full ſoon to ſtop their breath:

Miles

Miles Forrest and James Diggins by name,
these wicked cursed men,
Were made the instruments of blood,
to work the murther then.

These Princes lying in their Bed,
being sweetly arm in arm,
Not thinking of this vile intent,
or meaning any harm:
These Villains in their Feathered-beds,
did wrap them up in hast,
And with the cloaths did smother them,
till life and breath was past.

But when they were so murthered,
where laid no man did know:
But mark, the judgement of the Lord
did sharp revenge soon show,
Betwixt the Dukes within short space,
such discord there was bred,
That Buckingham to please the King,
was forc'd to lose his head.

Then Richard in his Kingly Seat,
no rest nor rule could find
The murther of his Nephews did
so sore torment his mind:
He never could take quiet rest,
his life he still did fear;

His

His hand upon his Dagger was,
and none might come him near.

At length the Earl of Richmond came
with such a puissant band,
That this usurping King was forc'd
in his defence to stand:
And meeting him in Bosworth-Field,
they fought with heart full fain,
But God (for shedding Princes blood)
caus'd Richard to be slain.

Then being dead upon a Horse,
all nak'd as he was born,
His flesh sore cut and mangled,
his hair all rent and torn.
And then Earl Richmond was worthily,
for this his deed of Fame,
Of England he was Crowned King,
Henry the Seventh by name.

From whose most Royal Loyns did spring
that famous King of might,
Henry the Eighth, whose worthy Deeds
our Chronicles recite:
Who dying left his Land and Crown
to Edward his sweet Son;
Whose Gracious Reign all England ru'd,
his time so soon was run.

His

His Sister Mary did succeed,
next Princess in this Land,
But in her time blind Ignorance
against Gods truth did stand.
Which caused many a Martyrs blood
be shed in cruell sute,
But Gods did Englands Lords regard,
and turn'd whole Realms to grace.

At length the other Sister came,
Elizabeth, late Queen;
And she relieved her Subjects hearts
from grief and sorrow clean.
She spent her days in peace and joy,
and dyed Gods servant true,
And now enjoys a place in Heaven,
amongst the blessed True.

Next her succeeding Mighty James,
likewise of Henries Race,
His Majesty with Royal right,
deserves this worthy place;
Whose Progeny God long preserve,
this Kingdom for to sway,
And send all Subjects Loyal hearts,
their Soveraign to obey.

The Princely Song of the fair Queen that was Married to Henry the 8th. King of England.

The Tune is,

WHen Englands Royally, Royally,
Of Henry the Eighth our King,
all the World over
such deeds of Majesty,
Won he most worthily,
England to glorifie,
by the hand of fair Heaven.

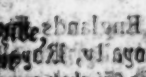
His Royal Father dead,
curiously, curiously,
Was he then wrapt in Lead,
as it appeareth:
Such a Tomb did he make,
for his sweet Fathers sake,
As the whole World may speak
of his gallant Glory.

Englands brave Monument,
sumptuously, sumptuously,
Kings and Queens gave consent
to have it there grated:

Henry the Eighth was he,
Builded in Gallantry,
With Golden Navery,
in his rich Chappel;

And after did provide,
carefully, carefully,
To chuse a Princely Bride,
for his Lands honour:
His Brothers Widdow he
Married most lawfully,
His loving Wife to be,
Royal Queen Katherine.

Katherine of Spain his first Wife.



Which Queen he loved dear,
many a day, many a day,
Full two and twenty year,
e're they were parted.
From this Renowned Dame,
Mary his Daughter came,
Yet did his Bishops seame
to have her Divorced.

When as Queen Katherine knew
how the King, how the King,
Prov'd in love most untrue,
thus to forsake her;
Good Lord, what bitter woe

Did

Did this fair Princess show,
Unkindly thus to go
from her sweet Husband!

Oh my kind Soveraign dear,
said the Queen, said the Queen,
Full two and twenty year
have I been Married:
Sure it will break my heart,
From thee now to depart,
I ne'r plaid wantons part,
Royal King Henry.

All this availed nought,
woful Queen, woful Queen,
A Divorce being wrought,
she must forsake him:
Never more in his Bed
Laid she her Princely Head,
Was e're Wife so betread,
like to Queen Katherine?

Amongst our English-men
of Renown, of Renown,
The Earl of Wiltshire then
had a vertuous fair Daughter,
A brave and Princely Dame,
Anna Bullein by name.

Anna Bullein his second Wife.

This Virgin was by Fate,
made Wife to King Henry.

From this same Royal Queen,
blessedly, blessedly,
As it was known and seen,
came our sweet Princess
Englands Elizabeth,
Fairest Queen on the earth,
Happy made by her birth,
was this brave Kingdom.

When Anna Bullens place,
of a Queen, of a Queen,
Had been for three years space,
more was her sorrow:
In the Kings Royal head,
Secret displeasure bred,
That cost the Queen her head,
in Londons strong Tower.

Then took to Wife Lady Jane,
lovingly, loving,
That from the Seymours came, Jane Seymour
Nobly descended: his third
But her love bought the dear, Wife.
She was but Queen one year;

In

In Child-bed she dyed we hear,
of Royal King Edward.

England then understand,
famously, famously,
Princes three of this Land,
this came from three Queens:
Katherine gave Mary here,
Anna Elizabeth,
Jane, Edward by her death;
All Crown'd in England.

After these Married he,
all in fame, all in fame,
A Dame of Dignity,
fair Ann of Cleve.

Her sorrow soon was seen,
Only six months a Queen,
Graces but growing green,
so quickly Divorced.

Wife.

Yet liv'd she with grief to see,
woful Queen, woful Queen,
Two more as well as she,
married unto King Henry:
To enjoy loves delights,
On their sweet Wedding nights,
Which were her proper rites,
mournful young Princess.

First a sweet gallant Dame,
noble born, noble born,
Which had unto her name
fair Katherine Howard.
But e're two years were past,
Killing grew so fast,
She lost her head at last,
small time of Glory.

Katherine Howard his fifth Wife.

After her, Katherine Parer,
made he Queen, made he Queen,
Late Wife to Lord Latimer
brave English Baron.
This Lady of Renown,
Deserved not a frown,
Royal Henry wore his Crown
of thrice famous England.

Katherine Parre his sixth Wife.

Sir Royal Queens you see,
gallant Dames, gallant Dame,
At command Martied he,
like a great Monarch.
Yet lives his famous Name,
Without spot or defame.
From Royal Kings he came,
whom all the World fear'd.

The lamentable Complaint of Queen Mary, for the unkind departure of King Philip, in whose absence she fell sick, and dyed.

The Tune is, Crimson Velvet.

MAry doth complain,
Ladies be you moved,
With my Lamentations,
and my bitter moans;
Philip King of Spain,
whom in heart I loved,
From his Royal Queen
unkindly now is gone;
Upon my Bed I lye,
Sick and like to dye;
help me Ladies to lament,
For in heart I bear,
He loves a Lady dear:
better can his love content:
Oh Philip most unkind,
Bear not such a mind;
to leave the Daughter of a King:
Gentle Prince of Spain,
Come, oh come again,
and sweet content to thee I'le bring.

For thy Royal sake,
this my Countries danger,

And my Subjects woes,
I vayly do procure:
My burning love to slake,
noble Princely stranger,
And the same to move,
where it was setled sure,
Divers in this Land,
Against my foes did stand,
pawning their lives therefore:
And for the same were slain,
Gentle King of Spain,
streets ran down with purple gore,
Forty thousand men,
All in Armour then,
this noble Kingdom did provide:
To Marry Englands Queen,
Before thou shouldst be seen,
or I be made thy gallant Bride.

But now my great good will,
I see is not regarded,
And my favours kind,
are here forgotten quite:
My good is paid with ill,
and with hatred rewarded,
I unhappy Queen,
left here in woful plight,
On our English shore,

Nev

Never shall I more
thy comly personage behold
Nor upon the Throne,
Gloriously be known,
in thy purple Robes of Gold.
Oh my heart is slain,
Sorrow, care and pain,
dwells within my bleeding breast,
Death approacheth near me,
Because thou wilt not cheer me,
thou gallant King of all the East.

Those Jewels and those Rings,
and that Golden Chain,
First to win my Love
thou broughtest out of Spain,
Now unto me brings
no delight, no pleasure,
But a sorrowful fear,
which ever will remain
Thy Picture when I see,
Much amazeth me,
causeth tears amain to flow,
The substance being gone,
Pleasures I have none,
but lamenting days of woe;
The Chair of State adorned,
Seems as if it mourned,

Binding

binding up mine eyes with weeping,
And when that I led
Unto my Marriage-Bed,
sorrow keeps me still from sleeping.

Come you Ladies kind,
bring my Gown of Sable,
For I now now must mourn,
the absence of my Lord.
You see my Love sick mind,
is no longer able
To endure the Sting
of Cupids pricking Sword:
My dying heart both rest
In Philips Princely breast,
my Bosome keeps no heart at all:
But ever will abide,
In secret by his side,
and follow him through Bower and Hall.
Though I live disdained,
Yet my love unfeigned
shall remain both chaste and pure,
And evermore shall prove
As constant as the Dove,
and thus shall Mary still endure.

Ring out my Dying Knell,
Ladies so Renowned,
For your Queen must dye,

and

and all her Pomp to take,
England now farewell,
for the fates have crowned,
And now ready stand,
my breathing life to take,
Consume with speed to ashes,
Fading Ghost is fain,
with my milk white wings to flie:
Where sitting on the Throne,
Let my Love be known,
that for his sake is doom'd to die.
Be for ever blessed,
Though I die distressed,
gallant King of high renown.
The Queen now bowes heavens,
From this world is parted,
in the Heavens to wear a Crown.

The Battle of Agen-Court, between the Englishmen, and the French-men.

The Tune is, Flying Fame.

A Councel Grave our King did hold,
with many a Lord and Knight,
That they may truly understand,
that France did hold his right:
Unto the King of France therefore,
Ambassadours were sent,
That

That he might fully understand,
his mind and his intent,
Desiring him in friendly wise,
his lawful right to yield,
Or else he vowed by dint of sword
to win the same in Field.
The King of France with all his Lords,
which heard his Message plain,
Unto our brave Embassadors,
did answer in disdain,
And saying our King was yet too young,
and of too tender age,
Therefore we weigh not of his Wars,
nor fear not his Courage;
His knowledge is in feats of Arms
as yet but very small;
His tender Joynts more fitter were
to toss a Tennis-Ball:

A Tun of Tennis-Balls therefore
in pride and great disdain,
He sent unto our noble King,
to recompence his pain:
Which answer when our King did hear,
he waxed wroth in heart,
And said he would such Balls provide,
should make all France to smart.

An Army then our King did raile,
which was both good and strong,
And from Southampton is our King,
with all his Navy gone:
In France he Landed safe and sound,
with all his Warlike Train,
Unto the Town of Hurflew next,
he marched up amain.

But when he had besieg'd the same,
against their fenced Walls,
To batter down theis lofty Towers,
he sent his English Balls:
This done, our Noble English King,
march'd up and down the Land,
And not a French-man for his life,
durst once his force withstand.

Until he came to Agen-Court,
whereas it was his chance,
To find the King in readiness,
with all his power in France:
A mighty Host he had prepar'd
of Armed Souldiers their,
Which were no less by just account,
than forty thousand men:

Which sight did much amaze our King,
for he and all his Host,

For

Not passing fifteen thousand had,
accounted with the most:
The King of France which well did know
the number of our men,
In vaunting pride unto our Prince,
did send a Herald then,

To understand what he would give
for ransome of his life,
When they in field had taken him,
amidst their bloody strife:
And then our King with chearful heart,
this answer soon did make,
And said, before this comes to pass,
some of your hearts shall quake:

And to your proud presumptuous Prince,
declare this thing, quoth he,
Mine own heart-blood shall pay the price,
none else he gets of me:
With that bespoke the Duke of York,
O Noble King, quoth he,
The leading of this Battle brave,
vouchsafe to give to me.

God-a-mercy Cousin York, quoth he,
I grant thee thy request,
Then march thou on couragiously,
and I will lead the rest,

Then

Then came the bragging French-men down,
with cruel force and might,
With whom our noble King began
a hard and cruel fight.

The Archers they discharg'd their Shafts,
so thick as hail from sky,
That many a French-man in the field,
that happy day did dye:
The Horsemen tumbled on the Strakes,
and so their lives they lost,
And many a French-man there was ta'n
as Prisoners, to their cost.

Ten thousand men that day were slain,
of enemies in the field,
And as many Prisoners,
that day were forc'd to yield.
Thus had our King a happy day,
and Victory over France,
And brought them quickly under foot,
that late in Pride did prance.

The Lord preserve our Noble King,
and grant to him likewise,
The upper hand and Victory
of all his Enemies.

FINIS.

EX DONO
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The CONTENTS.

A Princely Song of the Red Rose and the White.
A delightful Song of the four famous Feasts of England.
The lamentable Song of the Lord Wigmore and the fair Maid of Dunsmore.
The Complaint of fair Isabel for the loss of her Honour.
A Song of Sir Richard Whittington, thrice Mayor of London.
The Life and Death of the Great Duke of Buckingham.
The woful Death of Queen Jane, and how King Edward the Sixth was cut out of his Mothers Belly.
A short and sweet Sonnet made by a Maid of Honour, upon the death of Queen Elizabeth.
The famous Life and Death of Tho. Stukely.
A most Royal Song of the Life and Death of our late Renowned Princess Queen Elizabeth.
A Song of a King and a Begger.
A Lovers Son in praise of his Mistris.
Another.

The Contents.

A Servants sorrow for the loss of his late Royal Mistris, Queen Ann.
The good Shepherds Sorrow for the death of his beloved Son.
The second part of the good Shepherd.
A mournful Ditty for the death of fair Rosamond, King Henry the seconds Concubine.
A most rare and excellent History of the Dutchess of Suffolks Calamity.

The Second Part.

THe lamentable fall of the great Dutchess of Glocester.
A Courtly new Song of the Princely wooing of the fair Maid of London, by King Edward.
The fair Maid of Londons answer to King Edwards wanton Love.
The Story of Ill May-day.
The Life and Death of the two Ladies of Finsbury.
An excellent Song made on the successors of King Henry the Fourth.
A Princely story of Henry the eighths six Wives.
The Lamentable complaint of Queen Mary for the departure of King Philip.
The Battle of Agen-Court.

A

A Princely Song made of the Red Rose and the White, Royally united together by King Henry the Seventh, and Elizabeth Plantagenet, Daughter to Edward the Fourth, from whom our Soveraign Lord King James lineally descended.

To the Tune of, When flying Fame.

When York and Lancaster made War
within this famous Land,
The lives of Englands Royal Peers,
did much in danger stand:
Seven English Kings in bloody fields,
for Englands Crown did fight;
In which their Heirs were all but twain,
of lives bereaved quite.

Then thirty thousand English men,
were in one Barrel slain,
Yet could not all this English blood
a fertile Peace obtain:

For Fathers kind their Children kill'd,
and Sons their Fathers slew,
Yea Kindred fought against their kind,
and not each other knew.

At last by Henries lawful claim,
the wasting Wars had end,
For Englands peace he soon restor'd,
and did the same defend:
For Tyrant Richard, nam'd the third,
chief breeder of this woe,
By him was slain near Leicester Town,
as Chronicles do show.

All fears of War he thus exil'd,
which joy'd each Englishman,
And days of long desired peace,
within the Land began:
He rul'd this Kingdom by true love,
to cheer his Subjects lives,
For every one had daily joy,
and comfort of their Wives.

King Henry had such a Princely care,
our further peace to frame,
Took fair Elizabeth to Wife,
that gallant Yorkes Dame,
Fourth Edwards daughter chief of Mode,

to escape King Richards spite,
Was thus made Englands peerless Queen,
and Henries hearts delight.

Thus Henry first of Tudors name,
and Lancaster the first,
With Yorks right Heir a true loves knot,
did link and tye full fast.
Renowned York the white Rose gave,
brave Lancaster the Red,
By Wedlock were conjoyn'd to grow,
both in one Princely Bed.

These Roses sprang and budded fair,
and carried such a grace,
That Kings of England in their Arms,
afford them worthy place.
And flourish may these Roses long,
that all the world may ken,
The owners of these Princely flowers,
in vertues do excell.

To glorifie these Roses more,
King Henry and his Queen,
First plac'd their Pictures to wrought Gold,
most gorgeous to be seen;
The Kings own Guard now wears the same,
upon their back and breast,

Where Love and Loyalty remains,
and evermore shall rest.

The Red Rose on the back is plac'd,
thereon a Crown of Gold;
The white Rose on the breast is brave,
and costly to behold:
Bedeckt most rich with silver Studs,
on Coat of Scarlet red,
A blushing hue, which Englands fame
now many a year hath bred.

Thus Tudor and Plantagenet,
these honours first devised,
To welcome long desired Peace,
with us so dearly prized:
A Peace that now maintained is
by Charles our Royal King,
For Peace brings plenty to the Land,
with every blessed thing.

To speak again of Henries praise,
his Princely liberal hand
Gave gifts and graces many ways,
unto this famous Land:
For which the Lord him blessing sent,
and multiplied his store,
In that he left more wealth to us
then any King before.

For

For first his sweet and lovely Queen,
a joy above the rest,
Brought him both Sons and Daughters fair,
to make his Kingdom blest.
The Royal blood that was at ebb,
so increas'd by his Queen,
That Englands Heirs unto this day,
do flourish fair and green.

The first fair blessing of his Seed,
was Arthur Prince of Wales;
Whose vertue to the Spanish Court,
quite o're the Ocean Sails:
There Ferdinand the King of Spain,
his Daughter Katherine gave
For Wife unto the English Prince,
a thing that God would have.

Yet Arthur in his lofty Youth,
and blooming time of age,
Submitted meekly his sweet life,
to Deaths impartial rage.
Who dying so no Issue left,
the sweet of nature's joy,
Which compast England round with grief,
and Spain with sad annoy.

King Henries second comfort prov'd
a Henry of his name;

In following time eighth Henry call'd,
a King of noble fame.
He Conquer'd Bulloign with his Sword,
with many Towns in France,
His manly mind and fortitude,
did Englands fame advance.

He Popish Abbeys first suppreſt,
and Popiſh pull'd down;
And bound their Lands by Parliament,
unto his Royal Crown:
He had three Children by three Wives,
and Princes reigning here,
Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth,
a Queen belov'd most dear.

These three sweet branches bare no fruit,
God no such joy did send,
Through which the Kingly Tudors name,
in England here had end:
The last Plantaginet that liv'd,
was nam'd Elizabeth;
Elizabeth last Tudor was,
the greatest Queen on earth.

Seventh Henry yet we name again,
whose Grace gave free consent,
To have his Daughters married both

to Kings of high descent,
Margaret the eldest of the twain,
was made great Scotlands Queen,
As wise, as fair, as vertuous,
as e're was Lady seen.

From which fair Queen our Royal King,
by lineal course descendeth,
And rightfully enjoys that Crown,
which God now still befriendeth:
For Tudors and Plantaginet,
by yielding unto death,
Have made Renowned Stuarts name
the greatest upon earth.

His younger Daughter Mary call'd,
as Princely in degree,
Was by her Father worthy thought,
the Queen of France to be;
And after to the Suffolk Duke,
was made a Noble Wife,
Where in the famous English Court,
she led a vertuous life.

King Henry and his loving Queen,
rejoyc'd to see the day,
To have their Children thus advanc'd,
with Honours every way:

Which

Which purchast pleasure and content,
with many years delight;
Till sad mischance by cruel death,
procur'd them both a spight.

The Queen, that fair and Princely Dame,
that Mother meek and mild,
To add more number to her joys,
again grew big with Child:
All which brought comfore to her King,
against which careful hour,
He lodg'd his dear kind hearted Queen
in Londons slately Tower.

That Tower that was so fatal once
to Princes of degree,
Prov'd fatal to this Noble Queen,
for therein dyed she:
In Child-bed lost she her sweet life,
her life esteem'd so dear,
Which had been Englands loving Queen
full many a happy year.

The King herewith possest with grief,
spent many months in moan,
And daily sigh'd, and said that he,
like her could find out none;
Nor none could he in fancy chuse,

to make his wedded Wife,
Therefore a Widdower would remain,
the remnant of his life.

His after-days he spent in peace,
and quietnels of mind,
Like King and Queen as these two were,
the world can hardly find:
Our King and Queen yet like to them
in vertue and true love,
Have Heavenly blessings in like sort,
from Heavenly powers above.

A Delightful Song of the four famous Feasts of England, one of them ordained by King Henry the Seventh, to the Honour of Merchant-Taylors; shewing how seven Kings having been free of that Company, and how lastly it was graced with the Renowned Henry of Great Britain.

To the Tune of, Creatons Toy.

ENgland is a Kingdom,
of all the world admired,
More stateliness in pleasures,
can no way be desired:

The Court is full of bravery,
the City doth with Wealth,
The Law preserveth Unity,
the Country keepeth Health.

Yet no like pomp and Glory,
our Chronicles Records,
As four great Feasts of England,
do orderly accord:
All others be but Dinners called,
or Banquets of good sort,
And none but four be named Feasts,
which here I will report.

Saint Georges Feasts the first of all,
maintained is by Kings;
Where much Renown and Royalty
thereof now daily rings:
Princes came from foreign Lands
to be Saint Georges Knights,
The Golden Garter thus is worn
by sundry worthy wights.

Saint George our English Champion,
in most delightful sort,
Is celebrated year by year
in Englands Royal Court:
The King with all his Noble Train,

in good and rich Array,
Still glorifies the Festival
of great Saint Georges day.

The honour'd Mayor of London,
the second Feast ordains,
By which the worthy Citizens,
much Commendations gains:
For Lords and Judges of the Land,
and Knights of good requiell,
To Guild-Hall come to countenance
Lord Mayor of Londons Feast.

Also the Sergeants of the Law,
another Feast accords,
With grace and honour glorifi'd,
by Englands Noble Lords;
And this we call the Sergeants Feast,
a third in name and place
But yet there is fourth likewise,
deserves a gallant grace.

The Merchant-Taylors Company,
the Fellowship of Fame,
To Londons lasting Dignity,
lives honoured with the name;
A Gift King Henry the Seventh gave,
kept once in three years still,

Where

Where Gold and Gowns be to poor men
given by King Henries will.

Full many a good fat Buck he sent,
the fairest and the best
The Kings large Forrest can afford,
to grace this worthy Feast.
A Feast that makes the number full,
and last account of four,
Therefore let England thus report,
of Feasts there be no more.

Then let all London Companies,
so highly in Renown,
Give Merchant-Taylors name and fame,
to wear the Lawrell Crown
For seven of Englands Royal Kings,
thereof have all been free,
And with their lores and favours grac'd
this worthy Company.

King Richard once the second nam'd,
unhappy in his fall,
Of all his Race of Royal Kings,
was Free-man first of all.
Bullingbrook Fourth Henry next,
by order him succeeds,
To glorifie his Brotherhood,
by many Princely deeds.

Fifth Henry which so valliantly,
deserved fame in France,
Became free of this company,
fair London to advance:
Sixth Henry the next in raign,
though luckless in his dayes,
Of Merchant-Taylors Freeman was,
to their eternal praise.

Fourth Edward that most worthy King,
belov'd of great and small,
Also perform'd a Freemans love
to this renowned Hall:
Third Richard which by cruelty,
brought England many woes,
Unto this worthy Company
no little favour shows.

But richest favour yet at last,
proceeded from a King,
Whose Kingdom round about the world
in Princes ears do ring:
King Henry whom we call the seventh;
made them the greatest grac'd,
Because in Merchant Taylors Hall,
his Picture now stands plac'd.

Their Charter was his Princely gift,
maintained to this day,

He added Marchant to the name
of Taylors, as some say.
To Merchant-Taylors they be call'd,
his Royal love was so,
No London Company the like
estate of Kings can show.

From time to time we thus behold
the Merchant-Taylors Glory,
Of whole renown the Muses Pen
may make a lasting story.
This love of Kings begot such love
of our now Royal Prince,
For greater love than this to them
was ne'r before nor since.

It pleased so his Princely mind,
in such kind courtesie,
To be a friendly Freeman made
of this brave company:
O London then in heart rejoyce,
and Merchant-Taylors sing
Forth praises of this gentle Prince,
the Son of our good King.

To tell the welcome to the world
he then in London had,
Might fill us full of pleasant joyes,
and make our hearts full glad.

His

His triumphs where perform'd and done,
long lasting will remain,
And Chronicles report aright,
the order of it plain.

The lamentable Song of the Lord Wigmore Governour of Warwick Castle, and the fair Maid of Dunsmore, as a warning to all Maids to have a care how thy yield to the wanton delights of young Gallants.

The Tune is, Diana.

IN Warwickshire there stands a down,
And Dunsmore-heath it hath to name,
Adjoyning to a Country Town,
made famous by a Maidens name,
Fair Isabel she named was,
A Shepherds daughter as some say,
To Wigmores ears her fame did pass,
as she in Warwick Castle lay.
Poor love-sick Lord immediately,
Upon her fame set his delight,
And thought much pleasure sure did lye,
possessing of so fair a wight:
Therefore to Dunsmore did repair,
To recreate his sickly mind,
Where in a Summers evening fair,
his chance was Isabel to find.
She sat amidst a Meadow green,

Most richly spread with smelling flowers,
And by a River she was seen,
to spend away some evening hours,
There laid this maiden all alone,
Washing her feet in secret wise,
Which Virgin fair to look upon
did much delight his loving eyes.
She thinking not to be espy'd,
And laid from her her Country tire,
The trelles of her hair unty'd,
hung glittering like the golden wire.
And as the flakes of winter Snow,
That lye unmelted on the Plains,
So white her body was in show,
like silver springs did run her veins.
He ravisht with this pleasant sight,
Stood as a man amazed still;
Suffering his eyes to take delight,
that never thought they had their fill.
She blinded their affections so,
That reasons rules were led away,
And love the coals of lust did blow,
which to a fire flamed high.
And though he knew the sin was great,
It burned so within his breast,
With such a vehement scorching heat,
that none but she could lend him rest.
Lord Wigmore being thus drown'd in lust,

By

By liking of this dainty Dame,
He call'd a servant of great trust,
inquiring straight what was her name:
She is, quoth he, no married wife,
But a Shepherds daighter as you see,
And with her Father leads her life,
whose dwellings by these pallures be,
Her name is Isabel the fair,
Then stay, quoth he, and speak no more,
But to my Castle straight her bear,
her sight hath wounded me full sore.
Thus to Lord Wigmore she was brought,
Who with delight his fancies fed,
And through his suit such means he wrought,
that he entic'd her to his bed.
This being done incontinent
She did return from whence she came,
And every day she did invent
to cover her received shame.
But e're three months were fully past,
Her crime committed plain appears,
Unto Lord Wigmore then in hast,
she long complain'd with weeping tears.

The complaint of fair Isabel, for the loss of her honour, at the end whereof she slew her self.
To the same Tune.

LOrd Wigmore thus I have left,

And ſported my pure Virgins bed,
Behold I am conceiv'd with child,
to which vile folly you me led.
For now this deed that I have wrought,
Throughout the Country well is known,
And to my wofull Parents brought
who now for me do make great moan.
How ſhall I look them in the face,
When they my ſhameleſs ſelf ſhall ſee?
O curſed Eve I feel thy caſe,
when thou hadſt taſted on the Tree,
Thou hidſt thy ſelf, and ſo muſt I,
But God thy trelpaſs quickly founds,
No dark may hide me from Gods eye,
but leave my ſhame ſtill to abound.
Wide open are mine eyes to look,
Upon my ſad and heavy ſin:
And quite unclaſped is the book,
where my accounts are written in.
This ſin of mine deſerveth death,
But judge Lord Wigmore I am ſhe,
For I have trod a Strumpets path,
and for the ſame I needs muſt dye.
Be ſported with reproachful ſhame,
To ages following ſhall I be,
And in Records be writ my blame,
Lord Wigmore this is long of thee.
Lord Wigmore proſtrate at thy feet,

I crave my juſt deſerved Doom,
That death may cut off from the root
this body, bloſſome, branch, and bloom.
Let modeſty accurſe this crime,
Let Love and Law, and Nature ſpeak,
Was ever any wretch yet ſeen
that in one inſtant all did break?
Then Wigmore juſtice on me ſhew,
For thus conſenting to the act,
Give me my death, for that is due
to ſuch as ſin in ſuch a fact.

O that the womb had been my grave,
Or I had periſht in my birth.
O that ſame day may darkneſs have,
wherein I firſt drew vital breath.
Let God regard it not at all,
Let not the Sun upon it ſhine,
Let miſty darkneſs on it fall,
for to make known this ſin of mine.
The night wherein I was conceiv'd,
Let be accurſt with mournful cryes,
Let twinkling Stars from ſky bereav'd,
and clouds of darkneſs thereon riſe
Becauſe they ſhut not up their powers,
That gave the paſſage to my life.
Come ſorrow finiſh up my hours,
and let my time here end with grief.

And having made this woful moan,
A knife she snatched from her side,
There Lucretia's part was rightly shown,
for with the same fair Isabel dy'd
Whereat Lord Wigmore grieved sore,
A heart repenting his amiss,
And after would attempt no more
to crop the flower of Maidens bliss.
But lived long in woful wise,
Till death did finish up his dayes,
And now in Isabels grave he lyes,
till Judgement comes them both to raise.

A Song of Sir Richard Whittington, who by strange fortunes came to be thrice Lord Mayor of London, with his bountiful gifts and liberality given to this honourable City.

The Tune is, Dainty come thou to me.

HEre must I tell the praise
of worthy Whittington:
Known to be in his days
thrice Lord Mayor of London:
But of poor Parentage
born was he as we hear,
And in his tender age,
bred up in Lancashire.

Poorly

Poorly to London then
came up this simple Lad,
Where with a Merchant-man,
soon he a dwelling had,
And in a kitchin plac'd,
a scullion for to be,
Whereas long time he past,
in labour drudgingly.

His dayly service was
turning spits at the fire,
And to scoure pots of brass,
for a poor scullions hire;
Meat and drink all his pay,
of coyn he had no store,
Therefore to run away
in secret thought he bore.

So from the Merchant-man,
Whittington secretly,
Towards his Country ran
to purchase liberty:
But as he went along
In a fair summers morn,
Londons bells sweetly rung,
Whittington back return.

Evermore sounding so,
turn again Whittington,

For thou in time shalt grow,
Lord Mayor of London.
Whereupon back again
Whittington came with speed,
Apprentice to remain,
as the Lord had decreed.

Still bleated be the Bells,
this was his dayly song,
They my good Fortune tells,
most sweetly have they rung,
If God so favor me,
I will not prove unkind,
London my love shall see,
and my large bounties find.

But see this happy chance,
this Scullion had a Cat,
Which did his state advance,
and by it wealth he gat:
His Master ventured forth,
to a Land far unknown,
With Merchandize of worth,
as is in stories shown.

Whittington had no more,
but this poor Cat as than,
Which to the Ship he bore,

like

like a brave valiant man:
Venturing the ſame, quoth he,
I may get ſtore of Gold,
And Mayor of London be
as the bells have me told.

Whittingtons Merchandize
carried to a land,
Troubled with Rats and Mice,
as they did underſtand:
The King of that Country there,
as he at dinner ſate
Daily remain'd in fear
of many a Mouſe and Rat.

Meat that on trenchers lay
no way they could keep ſafe,
But by Rats bore away
fearing no wand or ſtaffe.
Whereupon ſoon they brought
Whittingtons nimble Cat,
Which by the King was bought,
heapt of Gold given for that.

Home again came theſe men,
with their ſhips laden ſo,
Whittingtons wealth began
by this Cat thus to grow.

Stillmans

Scullions like he forsook,
to be a Merchant good,
And soon began to look,
how well his credit stood.

After that he was chose
Sheriff of the City here,
And then full quickly rose,
higher as did appear.
For to this Cities praise,
Sir Richard whittington,
Came to be in his days,
thrice Mayor of London.

More his fame to advance,
thoulands he lent his King
To maintain wars in France,
glory from thence to bring:
And after at a Feast,
which he the King did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jest,
and would no money take.

Ten thouland pound he gave,
to his prince willingly,
And would no penny have
for this kind courtesie:
As God thus made him great

so

So he would daily see
Poor people fed with meat,
to shew his charity.

Prisoners poor cherisht were,
widows sweet comfort found,
Good deeds both far and near,
of him do still resound.
Whittingtons Colledge is,
one of his charities,
Records reporteth this,
to lasting memories.

Newgate he builded fair,
for Prisoners to lye in,
Christ-Church he did repair
Christian love for to win.
Many more such like deeds,
were done by Whittington,
Which joy and comfort breeds,
to such as look thereon.

Lancashire thou hast bred,
this flower of charity,
Though he be dead and gone,
yet lives he lastingly.
Those bells that call'd him so,
turn again Whittington,

Call you him back no more,
To live so in London.

The Life and Death of the great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely end for consenting to the disposing of the two Gallant young Princes, King Edward the fourths children.

The Tune is, Shores Wife.

A Tale of grief I must unfold,
A tale that never yet was told,
A tale that might to pitty move
The Spirits below the Saints above.

When wars did plague this Maiden land,
Great Buckingham in grace did stand,
With Kings and Queens he ruled so,
When he said I, none durst say no.

Great Glosters Duke that washt the Throne
With blood of Kings to mak't his own,
By Henry Stafford's help obtain'd
What reason will'd to be refrain'd.

If any Noble of this Land,
Against great Glosters aim did stand,
Old Buckingham with might and power,
In grievous woes did him devour.

He

He hop'd when Richard was made King,
He would much greater honours bring
To Buckingham and to his name,
And well reward him for the ſame.

In Clarence death he had a hand,
And 'gainſt K. Edwards Queen did ſtand,
And to her Sons bore little love,
When he as baſtards would them prove.

King Edward ſwore him by his Oath,
In true allegiance to them both,
Which if I fail, I wiſh quoth he,
All Chriſtians curſe may light on me.

It fell out on All-Souls day,
By Law his Life was ta'ne away:
He had his wiſh, though not his will,
For Treaſons end is always ill.

In London having pleaded claim,
And Richard thereby won the Game,
He challenged honour for his gain,
But was rewarded with diſdain.

On which diſgrace within few hours,
Great Buckingham had raiſ'd his powers:
But all in vain, the King was ſtrong,

And

And Stafford nœds must suffer wrond.

His army fail'd and durst not stana,
Upon a Traytors false command,
Being thus deceiv'd, old Stafford fled,
And knew not where to hide his head.

The King with speed to have him found,
Did offer full ten thousand pound,
Thus Richard sought to cast him down,
Whose wit did win him Englands Crown.

The Plain old Duke his life to save,
Of his own man did succour crave;
In hope that he would him relieve,
That late much Land to him did give.

Base Banister this man was nam'd,
By this vile dœd for ever sham'd,
It is, quoth he, a common thing,
To injure him that wrong'd his King.

King Edwards Children he betray'd,
The like against him I well have plaid;
Being true, my heart him greatly grac'd,
But proving false that love is past.

Thus Banister his master sold

Unto

Unto his foe the hire of gold,
But mark his end and rightly ſee,
The juſt reward of treachery.

The Duke by Law did loſe his head,
For him they fought to do moſt good,
The man that wrought his maſters woe,
By lingring grief was brought full low.

For when the King did hear him ſpeak,
How baſely he the Duke did take,
Inſtead of Gold gave him diſgrace,
With baniſhment from Town to place.

Thus Baniſter was forc'd to beg,
And crave for food with cap and leg,
But none on him would bread beſtow,
That to his Maſter prov'd a foe.

Thus wandring in this poor eſtate,
Repenting his misdeed too late,
Till ſtarved he gave up his breath,
By no man pitied at his death.

To woful end his children came,
Sore puniſht for their Fathers ſhame:
Within a kennel one was drown'd,
Where water ſcarce could hide the ground:

Another by the powers divine,
Was strangely eaten up of Swine:
The last a woful ending makes
By strangling in an empty Jakes.

Let traytors thus behold and see,
And such as false to Maisters be,
Let disobedient sons draw near,
The judgements well may touch them near.

Both old and young that live not well,
Look to be plagu'd from Heaven or Hell.
So have you heard the story than
Of this great Duke of Buckingham.

The woful death of Queen Jane, Wife to King Henry the Eighth, and how King Edward was cut out of his Mothers Belly.

The Tune is, The Lamentation of the Lord Eller.

WHen as King Henry rul'd this Land
He had a Queen I understand,
Lord Seimors daughter fair and bright,
King Henries comfort and delight:
But death by his remorseless power,
Did blast the bloom of his sweet flower.

Oh Mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Elizabeth the Flower of England's dead.

His former Queens being wrapt in lead,
This Gallant Dame poſſeſt his bed;
Where rightly from her wombe did ſpring
A joyful comfort to her King,
A welcome bleſſing to the Land,
Preſerv'd by Gods moſt holy hand.
Oh Mourn, &c.

The Queen in travel pained ſore
Full thirty woful days and more
And no way could delivered be,
As every Lady with to ſee.
Wherefore the King made greater moan
Then ever yet his Grace had ſhown.
Oh Mourn, &c.

Being ſomething eaſed in his mind,
His eyes a ſlumbering ſleep did find,
Where dreaming he had loſt a Roſe,
But which he could not well ſuppoſe,
A Ship he had, a Roſe by name,
Oh no, it was his Royal Jane.
Oh Mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane your Queen, &c.

Being thus perplext with grief and fear,
A Lady to him did repair,
And said, O King, shew us thy will,
The Queens best life to save or spill.
If she cannot delivered be,
Yet save the flower though not the tree.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane, &c.

Then down upon his tender knee
For help from heaven prayed he,
Mean while into a sleep they cast
His Queen, which shortly did last.
And opening then her tender womb
Alive they took this budding blosom.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane, &c.

This babe so born much comfort brought
And chear'd his Fathers drooping thought.
Prince Edward he was call'd by name,
Graced with vertue, wit and fame,
And when his Father left this earth,
He rul'd this Land by Lawfull birth.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Jane your Queen, &c.

But mark the powerfull will of Heaven,
We from his joy were soon bereaven,
Six years he reigned in this Land,
And then obeyed Gods commands,
And left his crown to Mary sure,
Whose five years reign cost England dear,
Oh mourn, &c.

Elizabeth reign'd next to her,
Europes pride and Englands star,
Wonder of the world, for such a Queen
Under Heaven was never seen,
A Maid, a Saint and Angel bright,
In whom all Princes took delight.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,
Elizabeth the flower of England's dead.

A short and sweet Sonnet made by one of the Maids of honour; upon the death of Elizabeth, which she sewed upon a samp'ler in red silk.

The Tune is, *Phillida* flouts me.

GOne is Elizabeth,
whom we have lov'd so long,
She our kind Mistris
full four and forty year.

England she govern'd well
not to be blamed,
Flanders she govern'd well,
and Ireland tamed.
France she befriended,
Spain she had foyled,
Papists rejected,
and the Pope spoyled.
To Princes powerful,
to the world vertuous,
To her foes merciful,
to Subjects gracious.
Her Soul is in Heaven,
the world keeps her Glory,
Subjects her good deeds,
and so ends my story.

The Life and Death of Famous Lord Stukely, an English Gallant in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who ended his days in a battle of three Kings in Barbary.

The Tune is, King Henries going to Bullen.

IN the west of England,
Born there was I understand,
a famous gallant in his dayes,
By birth a wealthy Clothiers son,
Deeds of wonder he hath done,

to

to purchase him a long and lasting praise.

If I should tell this story,
Pride was all his Glory,
and lusty Stukely he was call'd in Court,
he serv'd a Bishop in the West,
And did accompany the best,
maintaining still himself in gallant sort.

Being thus esteemed,
And every were well deemed,
he gain'd the favour of a London dame,
Daughter to an Alderman,
Courtis he was called then,
to whom a suter gallantly he came.

When he her person spyed,
he could not be denyed,
so brave a gentleman he was to see.
She was quickly made his Wife,
In weal or woe to lead her life,
her father willingly did so agree.

Thus in state and pleasure,
Full many days they measure,
till cruel death with his regardless spight,
Bore old Courtis to the grave,
A thing that Stukely wisht to have,

that he might revel all in gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed,
But Stukely presumed
to spend a hundred pound that day in wast,
The bravest gallants in the Land,
Had Stukelys purse at their command,
thus merrily the time away he past.

Taverns and Ordinaries
Were his chiefest braveries,
golden Angels there flew up and down,
Ryots were his best delight,
With stately feasting day and night:
in Court and City thus he won renown.

Thus wasting Land and living,
By this lawless giving,
at last he sold the pavements of his yard,
Which cover'd were with blocks of tin,
Old Courtis left the same to him,
which he consumed lately as you heard.

Whereat his wife so grieved,
Desir'd to be relieved,
make much of me dear husband, she did say:
I'le make much more of thee, quoth he,
Than any one shall verily,

I'll

I'le sell thy Cloaths and so will go away.

Cruelly thus hard hearted,
Away from her he parted,
and travel'd into Italy with speed,
There he flourisht many a day,
In his silks and rich array,
and did the pleasures of a Lady feed.

It was the Ladies pleasure,
To give him gold and Treasure,
to maintain him great pomp and fame.
At last came news assuredly,
Of a fought battle in Barbary,
and he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a noble Gallant
Sold both Land and Talent,
to follow Stukely in this famous Fight.
Whereas three Kings in person would
Adventurously with courage bold,
within the battle shew themselves in Fight.

Stukely and his followers all,
Of the King of Portugal
had entertainment like to Gentlemen.
The King affected Stukely so,
That he his secrets all did know,

and

and boze his Royal Standard now and then.

Upon this day of honour,
Each King did shew his banner,
Morocco and the King of Barbary,
Portugal with all his train,
Bravely glistering on the plain,
and gave the onset there most valiantly.

The cannons they resounded,
Thundring Drums rebounded,
kill, kill, as then was all the Souldiers cry
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the Earth was drown'd,
the Sun was likewise darkned in the Sky.

Heaven was so displeased,
And would not be appeased,
but tokens of Gods heavy wrath did show,
That he was angry at this war,
He sent a fearfull blazing Star,
whereby these Kings might their misfortunes know

Bloody was the slaughter,
Or rather wilfull murder,
where fifteen thousand fighting men were slain,
Three Kings within this Battel dy'd,
With forty Dukes and Earls beside,
the

the like will never more be fought again.

With woful arms infolding,
Stukely stood beholding,
this bloody sacrifice of Souls that day.
He fighting said, I woful wight
Against my conscience here do fight,
and brought my followers all unto decay.

Being thus molested,
And with grief oppressed,
those brave Italians that did sell their lands,
With Stukely thus to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
upon him all did lay their murthering hands.

Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with sorrow sounded,
and to them all he made this heavy moan:
Thus have I left my Country dear,
To be so vilely murthered here,
even in this place whereas I am not known.

My wife I have much wronged,
Of what to her belonged,
I vainly spent in idle course of life:
What I have done is past I see,
And bringeth nought but grief to me,

there.

therefore grant me pardon gentle wife.

Life I see consumeth,
And death I feel presumeth
to change this Life of mine into a new,
Yet this my greatest comfort brings,
I liv'd and dy'd the love of Kings,
and so brave Stukely bids the world adieu.

Stukely's Life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
and like a Souldier buried gallantly,
Where now there stands upon his grave,
A stately Temple builded brave,
with golden Turrets piercing to the sky.

A most Royal Song of the Life and Death of our late Renowned Princess Queen Elizabeth.

The Tune is, The Ladies Fall.

IN England reigned once a King,
eight Henry call'd by name,
Which made fair Anne of Bulloin Queen
of England in great fame:
Who brought unto this Country joy,
and to her King delight,
A daughter that in England made

Gods

Gods Gospel mine most light.

At Greenwich was the Princes born,
that gallant place in Kent,
A house belov'd of Kings and Queens,
a house of sweet content.
Even in her Child-hood she began,
so stor'd with heavenly grace,
That all estates both high and low,
her vertues did embrace.

None like Elizabeth was found,
in Learning so Divine,
She had the perfect skilfull art,
of all the Muses nine.
In Latine, Greek, and Hebrew she
most excellent was known,
To forreign Kings Ambassadors,
the same was dayly shown.

The Italian, French, and Spanish tongue,
she well could speak or read,
The Turkish and Arabian speech,
grew perfect at her need.
The musick made her wonderfull,
so cunning therein found,
The fame whereof about the world,
in Princes ears did sound.

And succour'd much low Country States,
whereat the world did wonder,
That such a worthy Queen as she
should work such worthy things,
And bring more honour to this Land,
than all our former Kings.

The gold still brought from Spanish mines
in spight of all our foes
Throughout all parts of Christendome,
her brave adventure shows.
Her battels fought upon the Seas,
resounded up to Heaven,
Which to advance her fame and praise,
had victory still given.

The Spanish power in Eighty Eight,
which thirsted for her blood,
Most nobly like an Amazon,
their purposes withstood,
And boldly in her Royal Camp,
in person she was seen,
The like was never done I think,
by any English Queen.

Full many a Traytor since that time,
she hath confounded quite,
And not the bloodiest mind of all

her courage could affright,
For mercy joyn'd with Majesty,
still made her Foes her friends.
By pardoning many which deserv'd
to have untimely ends.

Tyrone with all his Irish rout
of Rebel in that Land,
Though ne'r so desperate, bold and stout,
yet fear'd her great command.
She made them quake and tremble for
but for to hear her name,
She planted peace in that fair Land,
and did their wildness tame.

Though wars she kept with dangers great,
in Ireland, France and Spain:
Yet her true subjects still at home,
in safety did remain:
They joy'd to see her Princely face,
and would in numbers run
To meet her Royal Majesty,
more thick than Motes in Sun.

But time that brings all things to end,
a swift foot course did run:
And of this Royal Maiden Queen,
a woful conquest won.

Her death brought fear upon the Land,
no words but tales of woe
In subjects ears resounded then,
where ever men did go.

But fear exchang'd to present joys,
sweet comforts loud did ring,
Instead of Queen the people cry,
long live our Royal King.

Which name of King did seem most strange
and made us for to muse:
Because full many a year the name
of King we did not use.

But such a noble King is he,
and so maintains our peace,
That we in that may dayly wish,
his life may never cease.

Our hopefull and most Royal Prince
good Angels still defend,
This is my Muses chief desire,
her melody to end.

A Song of a King and Beggar.

I Read that once in Africa,
a Prince that there did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
as Poets they did feign:

From

From natures Lawes he did decline,
For Love he was not of my Mind,
He cared not for Woman-kind
but did them all disdain:
But mark what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a Beggar all in Gray,
which did increase his pain.

The blinded Boy that shoots so trim,
from Heaven soon did hie,
He drew a Dart and shot at him,
in place where he did lye:
Which soon did pierce him to the quick,
For when he felt the Arrow prick,
Which in his tender heart did stick,
he look'd as he would dye.
What sudden change is this (quoth he)
That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
but still did it deny.

Then from the window he did come
and laid him on his bed,
A thousand heaps of cares did run
within his troubled head:
For now he means to crave her love,
And now he seeks which way to prove,

How he his Fancy might remove,
and not this Beggar wed,
But Cupid did him so ensnare,
That this poor Beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
or else he would be dead.

And as he musing thus did lye,
he thought for to devise
How he might have her company.
that so did maze his eyes:
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life,
For surely thou shalt be my Wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife,
the gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his Palace gate he goes,
Full little then this Beggar knows,
when she the King espies.

The Gods preserve your Majesty,
the Beggars all began to cry,
Vouchsafe to give your Charity,
our Children food to buy.
The King to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great hast,
The silly woman was the last,
that after them did hie,

The King he call'd her back again,
And unto her he gave his Chain,
And said, with us thou shalt remain,
till such time as I see.

For surely thou shalt be my Wife,
and honoured like the Queen,
With thee I mean to lead my life,
as shortly shall be seen.
Our wedding shall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree,
Come, on quoth he, and follow me,
thou shalt go shift thee clean.
What is thy name, go on, quoth he.
Penolophon, O King, quoth she,
With that she made a low courtesie,
a trim one as I ween.
Thus hand in hand along they walk
unto the Kings Palace,
The King with courteous comely talk
this Beggar doth imbrace:
The Beggar blushed Scarlet red,
And straight again as pale as lead,
she was in such a maze:
At last she spake with trembling voice
And said, O King, I do rejoyce,
That you will take me for your choice,
and my degree's so base.

And when the Wedding day was come,
the King commanded straight
The Noblemen both all and some,
upon the Queen to wait:
And she behav'd her self that day,
As if she had never walkt that way,
She had forgot her gown of Gray,
which she did wear of late:
The proverb old is come to pass,
The Priest when he begins his Mass,
Forgets that ever Clerk he was,
he know'th not his estate.

Here you may read Cophetua,
through fancy long time led,
Compelled by the blinded Boy,
the Beggar for to wed:
He that did Lovers looks disdain,
To do the same was glad and fain,
Or else he would himself have slain,
in stories as we read:
Disdain no whit, O Lady dear,
But pity now thy servant here,
Lest that it hap to thee this year,
as to that King it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
during their Princely raign,

And in a Tomb were buried both,
as Writers shew us plain:
The Lords they took it grievously,
The Ladies took it heavily,
The Commons cryed pitiously,
their death to them was pain,
Their fame did sound so pitingly,
That it did pierce the starry Sky,
And throughout all the world did fly
to every Princes Realm.

A Lovers Song in praise of his Mistris.

To the Tune of, Apelles.

IF that Apelles now did raign,
who ever sought for to have fame,
he might have won with lesser pain
a greater honour to his name,
For with great pain he sought all Greece
Till he had found the fairest piece.

Throughout all Greece he could not view
so fair, so soft, so fine withall,
Nor yet his pencill ever drew
so fair a piece, nor ever shall.
Wherefore if he had seen these days,
He might have won a greater praise.

O happy man might he have said,
if he had lived to this time,
For to have seen so fair a Maid,
in all proportion made so fine,
Her fulgent face so fair, so clear,
That Europe cannot shew her peer.

Pigmalion with his gravers then,
could never work so fair a piece,
Nor yet Apelles in his time,
did ever see the like in Greece;
For if he had he would have said,
That Venus was not like this Maid.

She is a graft of noble growth,
and worthy is she of her fame,
For why her vertue plainly show'th,
that well she hath deserv'd the same.
Wherefore my painfull pen always
Shall never cease to write her praise.

Oh that my Pen could Print her praise,
according to her just desert,
That I may say and see those dayes,
that I desired with my heart,
For still I thought and ever shall
My Mistris praise might pass them all.

Now to conclude my praise in prose is knit,

and hath blown to praise this Maid,
And justice doth in judgment sit,
for to perform what you have said:
Thus to conclude, an end to make,
Unto the Gods I here betake.

Another,

To a New Tune,

THE Bee doth love the sweetest flower,
So doth the blossom the April shower,
And I do love that Lady truly,
Why should not I love her that loves me?
The Bird doth love the morning bright,
To see the day is her delight,
And I do love to see her face,
In whom that I do love is my solace.

The Fish doth love the Floods by kind,
For want of them they are but pin'd,
And I do love her presence also,
Whom I do love and love no moe:
The Leopard doth love to lye and prey
Upon the faces that go him by,
And I do love to look and gaze,
Upon my true loves pleasant face.

The deer doth love in Woods to dwell,

As I to you the truth shall tell,
And I do love as doth the Deer,
Oh where I love, would that I were!
Troilus that Lord wirtyal his might,
Chryseid of Troy that was so bright,
And I do love as far as he,
And ever shall until I dye.

A servant's sorrow for the loss of his late Royall Mistris, Queen Anne, who deceased at Hampton-Court, the second of March, 1618.

The Tune is, In sad and Ashey weeds.

IN dole and deep distress
poor soul I sighing make my moan,
A doom of heavinesse
constrains my heavy heart to groan.
then haplesse I
that thus must cry
Against those sisters three,
which to my pain,
her life have tane,
That late did comfort me.

In sable weeds I mourn,

my

my Princes abſence to conſole
Who never can return
unto my ſad forſaken town.
yet will I ſhow
the grounds of woe,
Of ſuch as mourners be,
for ſorrowing care
will be my ſhare,
When none will comfort me.

My golden Sun is fled,
and cleareſt day belet with clouds,
A hollow cheſt of Lead
my late beloved Princeſs ſhrouds.
for whoſe ſweet ſake
this moan I make,
As all the world may ſee,
there is no joy,
but in annoy,
Then who can comfort me.

With grief I waſte away,
remembring of my gracious Queen
We ſervants all may ſay,
and witneſs well what ſhe hath been,
a Princeſs kind,
of Royal mind,
Adorn'd with courteſie,

but

but now a grave,
Her Grace will have,
And none will comfort me.

Oh let my fruitfull eyes
to sadness Court and Country move,
No mourning may suffice
to tell my dear affecting love,
nor worlds of woe,
cannot well show,
The griefs that setled be
within my breast,
so much distrest,
So none can comfort me.

Yet mourners there be store
of Kings, of States, and Princes high
Who sadly do deplore
the want of that sweet Majesty:
who spent her days,
in vertuous ways,
And doing good, we see:
her liberal hand
adorn'd this Land
Which much doth comfort me.

My Soveraign Lord King James
lamenting moans his Turtle Dear,

And

And Princely Charles out-streams
full many a sad and sorrowfull tear,
so as that race
of Royall Grace,
And blooms of Majesty,
consorn in one,
for to make moan,
Yet none will comfort me.

The Palsgrave of the Rhine,
with Denmarks most true honoured King,
Unto sad sorrows thine,
some sacrificing tears will bring:
Elizabeth,
thy Mothers death
A mournfull news will be,
to all those Courts with sad reports,
Yet no man Comforts me.

Methinks the Netherlands,
and German Princes of her Kin,
Possest with sorrow stand,
and sadly thus their grief begin:
Farewell, adieu,
sweet Queen so true,
Thy life much mist will be;
for Rich and Poor
fed on thy store,

But

But now none comforts me.

Where e're her highnes went,
Swæt bounty frankly she bestow'd,
The gifts that God her lent,
unto the world she nobly show'd:
with many ways
advanc'd her praise,
So full of good was she,
the which did move
all men to love,
But now none comforts me,

Your Ladies fair and fine,
attendants on this Royal Quæn,
Her grace is made Divine
on this dull earth not to be seen,
her soul is flown
up to the Throne
Where Angels reigning be,
whilst I aspire
to vain desire,
For now none comforts me.

Oh blessed be that mould
which shall contain so Swæt a prize,
Keep safe the same inroll'd,
untoucht, unseen by mortall eyes.

till

till from this Earth
a second birth
Of newness framed be,
and till that hour
preserve this flower,
Whose goodness comforts me.

A Queen and Mother dear
a Wife, a Daughter to a King,
A Sister Royal here,
and Grandam as renown doth ring:
which rich born fame
hath grac'd her name,
Though all now buried be,
yet after days
shall sound her praise,
Which greatly comforts me.

The good Shepherd's sorrow for the death of his beloved Son.

To an Excellent New Tune.

I sad and ashy weeds
I sigh, I pine, I grieve, I mourn,
My Oats and yellow Reeds
I now to Jeat and Ebon turn,

my

my turgid eyes,
like winter skyes,
My furrowed cheeks orellow,
all Heaven knows why
men mourn as I,
And who can blame my woe?

In sable Robes of night,
my dayes of joy appareil'd be
My sorrows see no light,
my light through sorrows nothing [illegible]
for now my sun
his date hath run,
And from his Sphere doth go,
to endless bed
of folded Lead,
And who can blame my woe?

My flocks I now forsake,
that silly sheep my grief may know,
And lillies loath to take,
that since his fall presume to grow:
I envy ayr,
because it dare,
Still breath, and be not so,
hate earth that doth
intombeh is youth,
And who can blame my woe?

Now I poor lad alone,
(alone how can such sorrow be)
Not only men make moan,
but more than men make moan with me?
the Gods of Greens,
the Mountain Nuens,
The Fairy circled Row,
the Muses nine,
the Nymphs divine,
Do all condole my woe.

You awful Gods of skies,
if Shepherds may you question thus:
What Ditty to supply,
took you this Gentle Star from us?
is Hermes fled?
is Cupid dead?
Doth Sol his seat forgot:
or Jove his Joy,
he stole from Troy;
Or who hath cram'd this woe?

Did not mine eyes, O Heaven,
adore your light as before:
But that amidst you seven,
you fixed have one planet more:
you may well raise
now double days

On this sad Earth below,
your powers have won
another Sun,
And who can blame my woe?

At your great hands I ask
this boon which you may easily grant,
That till my utmost mask
of death I still may moan his want,
since his divine
parts with you shine
Too bright for us below,
and earths sad breast
entombs the rest,
Yet mine is all the woe.

Corydon's Comfort.

The Second Part of the good Shepherd.

To the same Tune.

PEace Shepherd, cease to moan,
in vain is all this grief and woe,
For him, that's from us gone,

and can alack return no moe,
but yet indeed
the Oaten Reed
And mirth thou late didst know,
I blame thee not
if now forgot,
for who can blame my woe.

The breath had once a sound
harmonious, is in sighing spent:
The Temples once were bound
with chaplets, or a pleasant scent,
now Cypress wear
thy grief and care
To all the world of show,
the pipe so sweet,
thy lips so meet,
and who can blame thy woe?

The murmur of the brook
hath been delightfull to thy ear,
Much pleasure hast thou took
sweet Philomela's note to hear:
to see that quire
from bush to bryer
leap lightly to and fro,
the Summers Queen,
attir'd in green,
But now 'tis nothing so.

To see the Queen of flowers,
when hoary Hyems part is done,
Deck up those Summer Bowers,
defend us from the parching Sun:
to see the ground
embroidered round,
And every tree to show
his virid dye
hath pleas'd thine eye,
But now 'tis nothing so.

Too well I know thy sheep
at random graze upon the plain;
Griefe lulls thee now asleep,
and now thou walk'st to grieve again:
alæp awake,
for his dear sake,
Some sign of sorrow show:
no bed of rest
can ease thy brest,
And who can blame thy woe?

No man, the man that knew
for whom our fainting bodies wear
The robes of saddest hue,
and woes more black imbrest. d bear,
can well forbear
to shed a tear,

Eyes ſtill will overflow,
pale ſorrows curſe
hath ſtill ſuch force,
Then who can blame my woe?

Then woes I cannot blame
but in ſorrows bear a part,
yet now to patience frame,
and ſee the ſalve cures all our ſmart:
this bud is dead,
is gone, is fled,
But in his place doth grow,
a Flower as fair,
as freſh as rare,
And he cures all our woe.

A Mournfull Ditty for the Death of the fair Roſamond King Henry the Seconds Concubine.

To the Tune of, Flying Fame.

WHen as King Henry Rul'd this Land,
The ſecond of that name,
Beſides the Quæn he dearly lov'd
A fair and Princely Dame:
Moſt peerleſs was her beauty found,
Her Favour and her Grace,

A sweeter creature in the world
did never Prince embrace,
Her crisped locks like threds of Gold,
appeared to each mans sight:
Her comely eyes like orient Pearls
did cast a heavenly light.
The blood within her Crystal cheeks
did such a colour drive,
As though the Lilly and the Role,
for Mastership did strive.
Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was called so,
To whom Dame Elinor our Queen,
Was known a mortal foe:
The King therefore for her defence
Against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a Bower
the like was never seen.
Most curiously this Bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this Bower belong:
And they so cunningly contrib'd
With turnings round about,
That none but by a clew of thread
could enter in or out.
And for his Love and Ladies sake
that was so fair and bright,

The keeping of this Bower he gave
Unto a valiant Knight:
But fortune that doth often frown
Where she before did smile,
The Kings delight, the Ladies joy,
full soon she did beguile.
For why the Kings ungracious Son,
whom he did high advance,
against his Father raised Wars,
within the Realm of France:
But yet before our comely King
the English Land forsook,
Of Rosamond, his Lady fair,
his last farewell he took.
O Rosamond, the only Rose,
that pleaseth best mine eye,
The fairest Rose in all the world
to feed my fantasie:
The flower of mine affected heart,
whose sweetness doth excell,
My Royal Rose a thousand times,
I bid thee now farewell.
For I must leave my fancies flower,
my sweetest Rose a space,
And cross the Seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abase.
But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see,

And in my heart while hence I am,
I'le bear my Rose with me.
When Rosamond that Lady bright
Did hear the King say so.
The sorrow of her grieved heart
Her outward part did show,
And from her clear and Crystal eyes
The tears gusht out apace,
Which like the silver pearled dew
ran down her comely face.
Her lips like to a Coral red,
Did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
Her vital Spirits did fail:
And falling down all in a swound,
Before King Henries face,
Full oft within his Princely arms,
her corps he did imbrace.
And twenty times with watery eyes,
he kist her tender cheek,
Until he had revivd again
her senses mild and meek,
Why grieves my Rose, my fairest Rose,
the King did often say,
Because, quoth she, so bloody wars
My Lord must part away.
But sith your Grace in forreign Coasts,
among your foes unkind,

Muſt go to hazard life and Limb,
why ſhould I ſtay behind?
Nay rather let me like a Page,
your Shield and Target bear,
That on my breaſt the blow may light,
that ſhould annoy you there.
O let me in your Royal Tent
prepare your bed at night,
And with ſweets Baths refreſh your Grace
at your return from fight:
So I your preſence may enjoy,
no toyl I will refuſe,
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true love abuſe:
Content thy ſelf my dearest Friend,
Thy reſt at home ſhall be,
In Englands ſweet and pleaſant ſoyl,
For travel fits not thee:
Fair Ladies blood no bloody wars,
ſweet peace their pleaſures breed,
The nourichers of their hearts content,
which fancy firſt doth feed.
My Roſe doth reſt in Woodſtock Bower,
with Muſicks ſweet delight,
While I among the piercing Pikes
againſt my Foes do fight:
My Roſe in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
with Diamonds richly dight

Shall

Shall dance the Galliards of my love
whilst I my foes do smite.
And you Sir Thomas whom I trust,
to be my Loves defence,
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
when I am parted hence:
And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart would break.
And Rosamond for very grief,
not one plain word could speak.
And at their parting well they might
in heart be grieved sore,
After that day fair Rosamond
did see the King no more.
For when his Grace had past the Seas,
and into France was gone,
Queen Elinor with envious heart
in Woodstock came anon:
And forth she call'd this trusty Knight,
which kept this curious Bower,
Who with this cunning clew of thread,
came from that famous flower:
And when that they had wounded him,
the Queen this thread did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond
was like an Angel set.
But when the Queen with stedfast eyes
beheld her Heavenly face,

She was amazed in her mind
at her exceeding grace;
Cast off thy Robes from thee, she said,
that rich and costly be,
And drink thee of this deadly draught,
which I have brought for thee.
But presently upon her Knee
sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd
for her offences all:
Take pity of my youthfull years,
fair Rosamond did cry,
And let me not with Poyson strong
enforced be to die:
I will renounce this sinful life,
and in a Cloyster bide,
Or else be banisht if you please,
to range the world so wide:
And for the fault that I have done,
though I was forc'd thereto,
Preserve my Life and punish me,
as you think good to do:
And with these words her Lilly hands
she wrung full often there,
And down along her lovely cheeks
proceeded many a tear:
But nothing could this furious Queen
therewith appeased be,

The

The Cup of deadly poyſon fill'd,
as ſhe ſat on her knee,
She gave that comely Dame to drink,
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knees aroſe,
And on her feet did ſtand:
And caſting up her eyes to Heaven,
She did for mercy call,
And drinking up the poyſon ſtrong,
her life ſhe loſt withall.
And when that death through every limb
Had done her greateſt ſpight,
Her chiefeſt foes did plain confeſs
She was a glorious Wight:
Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away
At Godſtow near to Oxford Town,
as may be ſeen this day.

A Moſt Rare and Excellent Hiſtory of the Dutcheſs of Suffolks Calamity.

To the Tune of, Queen Dido.

When God had taken for our ſin
that prudent Prince K. Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin,

his

his raging malice to bewray
All thoſe that did Gods word profeſs,
Are perſecuted more or leſs.

Thus while the Lord did on us lower,
many in priſon he did throw,
Tormenting them in Lollards Tower,
whereby they might the truth forgot:
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the reſt
Where burn'd in fire, who Chriſt profeſt.

Smithfield was then with Faggots fill'd,
and many places more beſide,
At Coventry was Sanders kill'd
at Worſter the good Hooper dy'd:
And to eſcape this bloody day,
Beyond Seas many went away.

Amongſt the reſt that ſought reliefe,
and for their faith in danger ſtood,
Lady Elizabeth was the chief,
King Henries Daughter of Royal blood,
Within the Tower did Priſoner lye,
Looking each day when ſhe ſhould dye.

The Dutcheſs of Suffolk ſeing this,
whoſe life likewiſe the Tyrant ſought,
Then in the hope of heavenly bliſs,

within

within Gods Word her comfort wrought
For fear of death was fain to flye,
And leave he house most secretly.

That for the love of Christ alone,
her Lands and Goods she left behind,
Seeking still for that precious stone,
the Word of truth is rare to find:
She with her Purse, her Husband and Child,
In poor array their flight beguil'd.

Thus through London they passed along.
each one did take a several street,
Thus all unknown escaping wrong,
at Billingsgate they all did meet:
Like people poor in Gravesend Barge,
They simply went with all their charge.

And along from Gravesend Town,
with Journeys short on foot they went,
Unto the Seas coast they came down,
to pass the Seas was their intent:
And God provided so that day,
That they took Ship and sail'd away.

And with a prosperous wind,
in Flanders safe they did arrive:
This was to their great ease of mind,

and

and from their hearts much woe did drive:
And ſo with thanks to God on high,
They took their way to Germany.

Thus as they travel'd full deſigne'd
upon the High-way ſuddenly;
By cruel Thieves they were ſurpriz'd
allaying their ſmall company:
And for their treaſure and their ſtore,
They took away and beat them ſore.

The Nurſe in middle of the fight,
laid down the Child upon the Ground,
She run away out of their ſight,
and never after that was found:
Then did the Dutches make great moan,
With her good Husband all alone.

The Thieves had their Horſes kill'd,
and all their money quite had took,
The pretty Baby almoſt ſpoil'd,
was by the Nurſe likewiſe forſook,
And they far from their friends did ſtand,
All ſuccourleſs in a ſtrange Land.

The Skies likewiſe began to ſcoule,
it hail'd and rain'd in piteous ſort;
The way was long and pitreous foul,

Then

then may I now full well report
Their grief and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the Dutchess bore the Child,
as well as ever she could be,
And when the Lady kind and mild
was weary, then the child bore he:
And thus they one another eas'd,
And with their fortunes were well pleas'd.

And after many weary steps,
all wer-shod both in dirt and mire
After much grief their heart it leaps,
for labour doth some rest require:
A Town before them they did see,
But lodg'd therein they could not be.

From house to house then they did go,
seeking where they that night might lye;
But want of money was their woe,
and still the Babe with cold did cry:
With cap and knee they courtesie make,
But none on them would pitty take.

Lo here a Princess of great bloud,
doth pray a peasant for relief,
With tears bedewed as she stood,

yet few or none regards her griefs,
her speech they could not understand,
but gave her money in her hand.

When all in vain their pains were spent,
and that they could not house-room get,
into a Church-Porch then they went,
to stand out of the rain and wet:
Then said the Dutchess to her Dear,
Oh, that we had a Fire here.

Then did her Husband so provide,
that Fire and Coals he got with speed,
She sat down by the Fire side,
to dress her Daughter that had need:
And whilst she dress'd it in her Lap,
her Husband made the Infant Pap.

Anon the Sexton thither came,
and finding them there by the Fire,
The drunken Knave, all void of shame,
to drive them out was his desire:
And spurning forth that Noble Dame,
Her Husbands wrath it did inflame.

And all in fury as he stood,
he wrung the Church Keys out his hand,
And struck him so, that all the blood

his head ran down where he did stand:
Wherefore the Sexton presently,
For help and aid aloud did cry,

Then came the officers in haste,
and took the Duchess and her Child,
And with her husband thus they past,
like Lambs beset with Tygers wild:
And to the Governour were brought,
Who understood them not in ought.

Then Master Bartu have and bald
in Latine made a gallant Speech,
Which all their misery did unfold,
and their high favour did beseech:
With that a Doctor sitting by,
Did know the Duchess presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
with words abashed at this sight,
Unto them all that there did wait
he thus broke forth in words aright:
Behold within your sight, quoth he,
A Princess of most high degree.

With that the Governour and the rest
were all amaz'd the same to hear,
Who welcomed this new come Guest,

with

with reverence great and Princly cheer,
And afterwards convey'd they were
Unto their friend, Prince Caſſemere.

A Son ſhe had in Germany,
Peregrine Bartu call'd by name,
Surnam'd the good Lord Willoughby,
of courage great and worthy fame:
Her Daughter young which with her went
Was afterwards Counteſs of Kent.

For when Queen Mary was deceaſt,
the Dutcheſs home return'd again,
Who was of ſorrow quite releaſt,
by Queen Elizabeths happy reign;
Whoſe godly life and piety
We ſtill may praiſe continually.

The Second Part.

The lamentable fall of the great Duke of Glocester, the Wife to Duke Humfrey; how she did Penance in London Streets bare-footed, with a White Candle in her hand, and how at last she was banished the Land, where in Exile, in the Isle of Man, she ended her days in woe.

To the Tune of, Fortune my Foe.

ONce a Dutchess was of great renown,
My Husband near allied to Englands Crown,
The good Duke of Humfrey titled was his name,
Till Fortune frown'd upon his glorious fame,
Henry the Fifth, that King of gallant grace,
Of whom my Husband claim'd a Brothers place,
And was Protector made of his young Son,
When Princely Henries thred of life was spun.

Henry the Sixth, a Child of nine months old,
Then rul'd this Land, with all our Barons bold,
And in brave Paris Crowned King of France,
Fair England with more honour to advance:
Then sway'd Duke Humfrey like a glorious King
And was Protector over every thing,

Even

Even as he would please to his hearts desire,
But Envy soon extinguisht all his fire.

In height of all his Pompast Majesty,
From Cobham-House with speed he married me
Fair Elianor, the pride of Ladies all,
In Court and City people did me call.
Then flaunted I in Greenwich stately Towers,
My Winters Mansions & my Summers Bowers
Which gallant House now, since those days, had
The Palace brave of many a King & Quæne [illegible]

The silver Thames that swætly pleas'd mine eye
Procur'd me golden thoughts of Majesty:
The kind contents, and murmur of the water,
Made me forget the woes that would come after
No gallant Dame, nor Lady in this Land,
But much desired in my love to stand;
My Golden Pride increased day by day,
As though such pleasures never would decay.

On Gold and Silver Looms my Garments fair
Were woven still by women, strange and rare,
Imbroidered curiously with Median Silk,
More white than thistle-down, or mornings milk
My Coaches and my stately pamper'd Steeds,
Well furnisht in their Gold betrapped Wæds,
With gentle glidings in the Summer Nights
Still yielded me the Evenings sweet delights.

hundred Gentlemen in purple chains,
many Virgin Maids were still in trains,
he Queen of Egypt with her pomp and glory,
r treasure could not equal this my Story.
it yet at last my golden Sun declined,
d Englands Court at these my joyes repined,
r soon my Husband in his honour'd place,
mongst the Barons reaped some disgrace.
(height,
hich grudge being grown, & sprung up to that
nto his charge they laid some crime of weight,
d then in Prison cast good Royal Duke,
ithout mis-deed he suffered vile rebuke:
hey took from him their great Protectors name,
hrough causes which those Peers did falsly
d after overcome with malice deep, (frame,
y noble Lord they murthered in this sleep.

he kind young King having thus his uncle lost,
as day by day with troubles vext and crost,
r such ambition in the Land then bred,
hat from the factious House of York took head:
h Kingly Lancaster, my Husband's line,
is death began his fall as well as mine,
r being dead his Livings and his Lands
hey seized all into King Henries hands:
d after turn'd me friendless out of door
o spend my dayes like to a Woman poor.

Discharging

Discharging me from all my pompal train,
But Elenor would a Lady still remain.

The Noble spirit of a Womans will,
Within my breast did burn in fury still,
And raging so in my revengefull mind,
Till I the Murtherers of my Lord did find.
But knowing them to be of power and might,
Of whom no justice could by Law take sight,
But yet to nourish up my thoughts in evil,
I crav'd the help of Hell and of the Devil.

To practise Witch-craft then was my intent,
And therefore for the Witch of Ely sent.
And for old Bullingbrook of Lancashire,
Of whom for charms the Land stood much in fear:
We slept by day, and walkt at midnight hours,
The time that spells have force & greatest powers,
The twilights and the dawning of the morns,
When Elves & Fairies take their gliding forms.

Red streaming blood fell down my azur'd veins
To make Characters in round circled veins,
With dead mens sculs by brimstone burned quite,
To raise the dreadful shadows of the night:
All this by black inchanting Arts to spill
Their hated bloods that did Duke Humfrey kill,
My Royall Lord, untimely ta'ne from me,
Yet no revengement for him I could see.

For by the hand of justful dooming Heaven,
We were prevented all. and notice given,
How we by Witch-craft sought the spoil of those
That secretly had been Duke Humfreys Foes:
Wherefore my two Companions for this Crime,
Did suffer Death, e're Nature spent their time;
Poor Elianor I, because of Noble birth,
Endur'd a stranger punishment than Death.

It pleased so the Council of my King,
To be dis-rob'd of every gorgeous thing;
My Chains, my Rings, and jewels of such prize,
Were chang'd to rags more base than ruged frize
And by Command along each London street,
To go in Pennance, wrapped in a Sheet,
Bare-footed, with a Tapor in my hand,
The like did never Lady in this Land,

My Feet that lately trod the steps of Pleasure,
Now flinty stones so sharp were forc'd to measure
Yet none alive, where I did come or go,
Durst shed one trickling tear at this my woe.
Break heart and die, here ended not my pain,
I judged was an Exile to remain,
And go a banisht Lady from this place,
Where in my blooming youth I liv'd in grace.

The remnant of those years which God me gave,
Poor

Poor banisht Elianor spent to find her Grave,
And left this Land, where she was bred and born
In forreign Soyles for her misdeeds to mourn:
The Ille of Man, incompast by the Sea,
To England, named so unto this day,
Imprison'd me within the watry Round,
Till Time & Death found me a burying Ground.

Full nineteen years in sorrow thus I spent,
Without one hour or minute of content,
Remembring former joys of modest life,
Whilst I bore name of Good Duke Humfryes wife
The loss of Greenwich towers did griebe me sore,
But death of my dear Lord ten thousand more.
Yea, all the joys once in my Bower and Hall,
Are Dorts of grief to wound me now withal.

Farewel dear friends, farewel my Courtly trains
My late Renown is turn'd to ling ring pains,
My melody of Musicks silver found,
Are Snakes and Adders hissing on the ground:
The Downy Bed whereon I lay full oft,
Are Sun-burnt heaps of Moss now seeming soft;
And Waxen Tapers lighting to my Bed,
Be Stars about the silver Moon bespred.

Instead of Wine, I drink of waters clear,
Which pays for my delightful Banquets dear:

Thus

Thus changeth stately pomp, and courtly joyes,
When pleasure endeth with such deep annoyes;
My beauteous cheeks where Cupid danc'd & play'd,
Are wringled grown, & quite with grief decay'd;
My hair turn'd white, my yellow eyes stark blind,
And all my body altered from her kind.

Ring out my Knell you birds in top of Sky,
Quite tie'd with woes, here Elinor needs must die.
Received me Earth into thy gentle womb,
A banisht Lady craves no other tomb:
Thus by'd the famous dutchess of our Land,
Controul'd by changing fortunes stern command;
Let those that sit in place of high degree,
Think on their ends, that like to her's may be.

A Courtly new Song, of the Princely Wooing of the Fair Maid of London, by King Edward.

To the Tune of, Bonny sweet Robin.

FAir Angel of England, thy beauty most bright
Is all my hearts treasure, my joy and delight;
Then grant me sweet Lady, thy true love to be,
That I may say, welcome good fortune to me.

The Turtle so true and chast in her Love,

gentle perswasions, her fancy will move;
n be not intreated, sweet Lady, in vain,
Nature requireth what I would obtain.

e Phœnix so famous, that liverh alone,
vowed to Chastity, being but one;
e not, my Darling, so chast in desire,
thou, like the Phœnix, do Penance in fire.

alas (gallant Lady) I pitty thy state,
being resolved to live without Mate;
ll of our courting the pleasures you knew,
would have a liking the same to ensue.

g time have I sued the same to obtain,
am I requited with scornfull disdain;
if you will grant your good favour to me,
shall be advanced to Princely degree.

motions and honours may often entice
chastest that liverh, though never so nice:
at Woman so worthy but will be content
live in a Palace where Princes frequent.

(ked,
o Brides young & Princely to Church have I
o Ladies most worthy have decked my bed,
hath thy love taken most Root in my heart,
n all their contentment, whereof I had part.

Your

Your gentle hearts can't mens tears much abide
And women most angry when they least do chide
Then yield to me kindly, and say that at length
Men do want mercy, and poor women strength.

I grant, that fair Ladies may poor men refuse,
But Princes will conquer and love whom they chuse
A King may command her to lye by his side,
Whose feature deserveth to be a Kings Bride.

In granting your love, you purchase renown,
Your head shall be deckt with bright fair crown,
Thy garments so gallant with gold shall be wrought
If true love for treasure of thee may be bought.

Great Ladies of Honour shall tend on thy train
Most rich attired with Scarlet in grain,
My chamber most Princely thy person shall please
Where Virgins with Musick shall rock thee at ease.

If any more pleasures thy heart can invent,
Command them, sweet Lady, thy mind to content
For Kings gallant Courts where Princes do use
Afford such sweet pastimes as Ladies love well.

Then be not resolved to die a true Maid,
But print in thy bosom the words I have said,
And grant a King favour thy true love to be,
That I may say, welcome sweet Virgin to me.

The fair Maiden of Londons Answer to King Edwards wanton Love.

To the same Tune.

Oh wanton King Edward, 'tis labor in vain,
To follow the pleasures thou canst not attain
Which getting thou losest, and having dost wast it
The which if thou purchase, is spoil'd if thou hast it

Nor if thou obtain it, thou nothing hast won,
And I losing nothing, yet quite am undone:
But if of that Jewel a King do deceive me,
No King can restore, tho' a Kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed since you saw me last,
My favour is vanisht, my beauty is past,
The rosie red blushes that sat on my cheeks,
To paleness are turn'd, which all men mislikes.

I pass not what Princes for Love do protest,
The name of a Virgin contenteth me best;
I have not deserved to sleep by thy side,
Nor to be accounted for King Edwards Bride.

The name of a Princess I never did crave,
No such type of Honour thy Handmaid will have;

My breast shall not harbour so lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich proffers to wantonness brought.

If wild wanton Rosamond, one of our sort,
Had never frequented King Henries brave Court,
Such heaps of deep sorrow she never had seen,
Nor tasted the rage of so jealous a Queen.

All men have their freedom to shew their intent,
They win not a Woman, except she consent:
Who then can impute to Man any fault,
Who still do go upright until Woman do hault?

'Tis counted a kindness in Men for to try,
And vertue in Women the same to deny;
For Woman unconstant can never be prov'd,
Until by their betters therein they be mov'd.

If Woman and modesty once do but sever,
Then farewell good name Credit and for ever:
And Royall King Edward, let me be exil'd,
E're any man knows that my bodies defil'd.

No, no, my old Fathers reverend tears
Too great an impression within my soul bears;
Nor shall his bright honor that blot by me have,
To bring his gray hairs with grief to the Grave.

The Heavens forbid, then when I shall dye,

That

That any such sin upon my soul lye:
If I have thus kept me from doing this sin,
My heart shall not yield with a Prince to begin.

Come rather with pity to weep on my tomb,
Than for my birth curse my dear Mothers womb,
That brought forth a blossom which stained the
With wanton desires to shame her and me. (tree,

Leave me (most Noble King) tempt not in vain
My milk-white affections with lewdness to stain;
Though England will give me no comfort at all,
Yet England will grant me a sad buriall.

The Story of Ill Mad-day, in the time of King Henry the Eight, and why it was so called; and how Queen Katherine begged the lives of two thousand London Prentices.

To the Tune of, Essex good night.

PEruse the Stories of this Land,
and with advisement mark the same,
And you shall justly understand
how Ill May-day first got the name.
For when King Henry the Eight did reign,
and rul'd our famous Kingdom here,
His Royal Queen he had from Spain,
with whom he liv'd full many a year:

Queen

Queen Katherine nam'd, as stories tell,
sometimes his elder Brothers Wife;
By which unlawful Marriage fell
an endless trouble during life:
But such kind love he still conceiv'd,
of his fair Queen and of her Friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
their Journeys fast for England bends.

And with good leave they tarried
within our Kingdom here to stay,
Which multitude made Victuals dear,
and all things else from day to day;
For Strangers then did so increase,
by reason of King Henries Queen,
And priviledg'd in many a place
to dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor Tradesmen had small dealing then,
and who but Strangers bore the Bell?
Which was a grief to English men,
to see them here in London dwell:
Wherefore (God wot) upon May-Eve,
as Prentices on Maying went,
Who made the Magistrates believe,
at all to have no other intent.

But such a May-game it was known,
as like in London never were,

For

For by the same full many a one,
with loss of life did pay full dear:
For thousands came with Bruce Blaw,
as with an Army they found meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
of forreign strangers in the street,

That all the Chanels ran down with blood,
in every street where they remain'd;
Yea, every one in danger stood,
that any of their part maintain'd:
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
beyond the Seas though born and bred,
By Prentices they suffered wrong,
when armed thus they gathered head.

Such multitudes together went,
no warlike Troops could them withstand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
what they by force thus took in hand:
Till at the last King Henries power,
this multitude encompast round,
Where with the strength of Londons Tower,
they were by force suppreſt and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by Martial Law,
on Sign-posts at their Masters doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,

and frighted from such loud uproars:
And others which [illegible]
(two thousand [illegible])
Were all upon the [illegible]
as Mayor and [illegible]

With two and two together tyed,
through Temple-Bar and Strand they go,
To Westminster there to be tryed
with Ropes about their necks also:
But such a cry in every street
till then was [illegible]
By Mothers for their Children sweet,
unhappy thus [illegible]

Whose bitter [illegible]
possest the Court with trembling fear;
Whereat the Queen her self relents,
though it concern'd her Country dear:
What if, quoth she, by Spanish blood,
have Londons stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this Countrys good,
and pardon for these Young-men get.

Or else the World will speak of me,
and say Queen Katherine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be,
these young-men did these fortunes find:

And

And so disrob'd from rich attires,
with hairs hang'd down, she sadly hyes,
And of her gracious Lord requires
a boon, which hardly he denyes.

The lives (quoth she) of all the blooms
yet budding green, these youths I crave;
O let them not have timeless Tombs,
for nature longer limits gave:
In saying so, the pearled tears
fell trickling from her Princely eyes;
Whereat his gentle Queen he cheats,
and says, stand up, sweet Lady rise.

The lives of them I freely give,
no means this kindness shall debar,
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live,
to serve me in my Bullen War:
No sooner was this pardon given,
but peals of joy rung through the Hall,
As though it thundred down from Heaven,
the Queens renown amongst them all.

For which (kind Queen) with vyful heart,
she gave to them both thanks and praise,
And so from them did gently part,
and liv'd beloved all her days:
And when King Henry stood in ne

of trusty Souldiers at command:
These Prentices prov'd Men indeed,
and fear'd no force of Warlike Band.

For at the Siege of Tours in France,
they shew'd themselves brave English-men;
At Bullein then they did advance
Saint Georges lusty Standard then:
Let Turwin, Turney, and those Towns,
that good King Henry nobly won,
Tell London's Prentices Renowns,
and of their deeds by them there done.

For Ill May-day, and Ill May-Games,
perform'd in young and tender days,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
or stains of Manhood any ways:
But now it is ordain'd by Law,
we see on May-days Eve at night,
To keep unruly Youths in awe,
by Londons Watch in Armour bright.

Still to prevent the like mis-deed,
which once through headstrong young men came
And that's the cause that I do read,
May-day doth get so ill a name.

The Life and Death of the two Ladies of Finſbury, that gave Moor-fields to the City, for the Maidens of London to dry Cloaths in.
To the Tune of, Where is my true Love.

YOu Gallant London Damſels,
a while to me give ear,
And be you well contented
with what you now ſhall hear;
The deeds of two kind Ladies,
before you ſhall appear:
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

At Finsbury there dwelled
a gallant Noble Knight,
That for the love of Jeſus Chriſt
deſired for to fight:
And ſo unto Jeruſalem
he went in Armour bright:
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

And charged both his Daughters,
unmarried to remain,
Till he from bleſſed Paleſtine
returned back again:
And then two loving Husbands
for them he would attain:
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

When he was gone from fair England,
a Knight of Rhodes to be:
His Daughters they were well content,
though born of good degree,
To keep themselves in mean estate,
of living orderly:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The eldest of the two was nam'd
fair Mary, as is said:
Who made a secret vow to God,
to live and die a Maid,
And so a true professed Nun
her self with speed array'd:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

Her Garments were of mourning black,
befitting her desires;
Where at the house of Bethlehem,
the Abbess she requires
An entertainment to be made,
to their melodious Quires:
Oh sweet singing Maids so fair.

Where in the Nunnery she remain'd,
beloved many a year;
Still spending day and night in prayers,
for her old Father dear:

Re-

Refusing worldly vanities,
with joy and pleasant chear:
Oh heavenly blest Maidens so fair.

And in the name of Jesus Christ Christ,
a holy Cross did build,
Which some have seen at Pedlam-Gate,
adjoyning to Moor-field:
These be the blessed springing fruits,
that Chastity doth yield:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

If that Englands great Royal Queen,
I should be made, quoth she,
Not half so well contented then,
good Ladies, should I be:
There is no life that's half so sweet,
as Virgins life I see:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

Nor will I tast the joys of Love,
belong to Marriage-bed,
Nor to a King consent to yield
my blooming Maiden-head:
Till from my Father I do hear,
to be alive or dead:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

So Virgin-like she spent her days,
about this pleasant Spring,

And us'd her self from time to time,
upright in every thing:
Which caus'd the Ladies of this Land,
her noble praise to sing:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The younger of the Sisters nam'd
Dame Anni fair and clear,
Who framed there a pleasant Well,
by her esteemed dear,
Where Wives and Maidens daily came
to wash both far and near:
Oh Heaven blest Maidens so fair.

In it were all her Earthly Joys,
her comfort and delight,
About the same remaining still,
with pleasure day and night;
As glorious as the golden Sun,
in all his beams so bright:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The lovely Ladies of the Land,
unto Dame Annis went,
Perswading her this single life
was not the best content;
The Married sort doth most command,
being still to pleasures bent:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

And

And dayly troops of London Dames
unto her did repair,
With purest Lawn and Cambrick fine,
to wash both clear and fair:
And rich Imbroidered Furnitures
of Child-bed Linnen rare:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

Thus lived these two Sisters here,
as you have heard it told,
Till time had chang'd their beautious Cheeks,
and made them winkled old:
Then from their Father news was brought,
how he was wrapt in Mould:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

For the King of England soon,
the Duke of Normandy,
Returned from Jerusalem
with Fame and Victory;
And brought their Fathers heart in Lead,
here buried for to be:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

This heart that split his dearest blood,
for Jesus Christ in Heaven,
Being thus unto his Daughters twain,
in kindness brought and given;

Was

Was mourned for three hundred days
from Morning unto Even,
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

And then with lamentations,
sweet Maidens being weary,
Their aged Fathers noble heart,
most solemnly did bury,
And gave the place their Father's Name,
as says our English Story:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

Old Sir John Fines he had the name,
being buried in that place,
Now since then called Finesbury,
to his Renown and Grace,
Which times to come shall not out-wear,
nor yet the same deface:
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

And likewise when those Maidens dy'd,
they gave those pleasant Fields,
Unto our London Citizens,
which they most bravely builds:
And now are made most pleasant Walks,
that great contentment yields
To Maidens of London so fair.

Where lovingly both Man and Wife,
may take the evening Air,

And

And London Dames to dry their Cloaths,
ma[illegible]ther still repair;
For that intent, most freely given,
by these two Damsels sold,
Unto the Maidens of London for ever.

An excellent Song, made of the Successors of King Edward the Fourth.

To the Tune of, O man in desparation.

VVhen as the King of England dy'd,
Edward the Fourth by Name;
He had two Sons of tender years,
for to succeed the same:
Then Richard Duke of Glocester,
desiring Kingly sway,
Devis'd by Treason how to make
his Nephews both away.

He with the Duke of Buckingham
did closely then contrive,
How he unto the English Crown,
might happily atchieve:
Betwixt them both they laid a Plot,
and both together went
To Stony-Stratford, where they met
our King incontinent.

This

This sweet young King did entertain
his Uncle lovingly,
Not thinking of their secret drift,
and wicked Treachery:
But when the Duke of Buckingham
to set abroach the thing,
Began a Quarrel for the nonce,
with them that kept the King;

And there they did Arrest Lord Gray,
the Brother to the Queen,
Her other Brother Lord Rivers,
in durance then was seen:
Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewise,
did then and there Arrest;
Thus was the King of all his Friend,
on sudden dispossest.

The King doth for his Uncles plead,
and would their Sureties be:
But both these Dukes would in no case,
to his request agree.
In brief, these Noblemen were sent
to Pomfret-Castle soon,
Where secretly and suddenly,
they there to death were doom.

Then forth they brought the King alone,
to London with great speed,

Using

Uſing perſwaſions in ſuch ſort,
not to miſlike their deed:
But when to London he was come,
for him they had prepar'd
The Biſhops Palace there to hold,
but ſafely under Guard.

And then Duke Richmond takes on him
the keeping of the King,
Naming himſelf Lord Protector,
his purpoſe about to bring:
Deviſing how to get in hold
the other Brother too,
The which the Cardinal undertook
full cunningly to do.

The Cardinal then all in haſte,
unto the Queen did come,
Uſing perſwaſions in ſuch ſort,
he got the other Son:
And then they both incontinent,
unto the Tower were ſent,
After which time they ne'r came forth,
for death did them prevent.

Duke Richmond having found the means,
to work theſe Princes death,
Did cauſe James Tirrils hired men,
full ſoon to ſtop their breath:

Miles

Miles Forrest and Jack Diggins both,
these wicked carelesse men,
Were made the instruments of blood,
to work the murther then.

These Princes lying in their Bed,
being sweetly arm in arm,
Not thinking of this vile intent,
or meaning any harm:
These Villains in their feathered beds,
did wrap them up in hast,
And with the cloaths did smother them,
till life and breath was past.

But when they were so murthered,
where laid no man did know:
But mark, the judgement of the Lord
did sharp revenge soon show,
Betwixt the Dukes within short space,
such discord there was bred,
That Buckingham to please the King,
was forc'd to lose his head.

Then Richard in his Kingly Seat,
no rest nor ease could find.
The murther of his Nephews did
so sore torment his mind:
He never could take quiet rest,
his life he still did fear;

His

is hand upon his Dagger was,
and none might come him near,

length the Earl of Richmond came
with such a puissant band,
hat this usurping King was fort'd
in his defence to stand:
meeting him in Bosworth-Field,
hey fought with heart full fain,
t God (for shedding Princes blood)
caus'd Richard to be slain.

hen being dead upon a Horse,
ll nak'd as he was born,
s flesh sore cut and mangled,
his hair all rent and torn.
d then Earl Richmond was worthily,
for this his dæd of Fame,
f England he was Crowned King,
Henry the Seventh by name.

om whose most Royal Loyns did spring
that famous King of might,
nry the Eighth, whose worthy Dæds
our Chronicles recite:
ho dying left his Land and Crown
to Edward his swæt Son;
hose Gracious Reign all England ru'd,
his time so soon was run.

His

His Sister Mary did succeed,
next Princess in this Land,
But in her time blind Ignorance
against Gods truth did stand:
Which caused many a Martyrs blood
be shed in ruefull sale;
But Gods did Englands woes regard,
and turn'd those storms to grace.

At length the other Sister came,
Elizabeth, late Quæn;
And she reliev'd her Subjects hearts
from grief and sorrow clean:
She spent her days in peace and joy,
and dyed Gods servant true,
And now enjoys a place in Heaven,
amongst the blessed Crue.

Next her succeeding Mighty James,
likewise of Henries Race,
His Majesty with Royal right,
deserves this worthy place;
Whose Progeny God long preserve,
this Kingdom for to sway,
And send all Subjects Loyal hearts,
their Sovereign to obey.

The Princely Song of the six Queens that were Married to Henry the 8th. King of England.

The Tune is, Welladay.

WHen Englands Fame did ring,
Royally, Royally,
Of Henry the Eighth our King,
all the World over:
Such deeds of Majesty,
Won he most worthily,
England to glorifie,
by the hand of fair Heaven.

His Royal Father dead,
curiously, curiously,
Was he then wrapt in Lead,
as it appeareth:
Such a Tomb did he make,
For his sweet Fathers sake,
As the whole World may speak
of his gallant Glory.

Englands brave Monument,
sumptuously, sumptuously,
Kings and Queens gave consent
to have it there graced:

Henry the Eighth was he,
Builded in Gallantry,
With Golden Bravery,
in his rich Chappel:

And after did provide,
carefully, carefully,
To chuse a Princely Bride,
for his Lands honour:
His Brothers Widdow he
Married most lawfully,
His loving Wife to be,
Royal Queen Katherine.

Katherine of Spain his first Wife.

Which Queen he loved dear,
many a day, many a day,
Full two and twenty year,
e're they were parted.
From this Renowned Dame,
Mary his Daughter came,
Yet did his Bishops frame
to have her Divorced.

When as Queen Katherine knew
how the King, how the King,
Prov'd in love most untrue,
thus to forsake her;
Good Lord, what bitter woe

Did

Did this fair Princeſs ſhow,
Unkindly thus to go
from her ſweet Husband!

Oh my kind Soveraign dear,
ſaid the Queen, ſaid the Queen,
full two and twenty year
have I been Married:
Sure it will break my heart,
from thee now to depart,
I ne'r plaid wantons part,
Royal King Henry.

All this availed nought,
woful Queen, woful Queen,
A Divorce being wrought,
ſhe muſt forſake him:
Never more in his Bed
laid ſhe her Princely Head.
Was e're Wife ſo beſtead,
like to Queen Katherine?

Amongſt our Engliſh-men
of Renown, of Renown,
The Earl of Wiltſhire then
had a vertuous fair Daughter,
A brave and Princely Dame,
Anna Bullein by name.

Anna Bullein his ſecond Wife.

This Virgin was by Fame,
made Wife to King Henry.

From this same Royal Queen,
blessedly, blessedly,
As it was known and seen,
came our sweet Princess
Englands Elizabeth,
Fairest Queen on the earth,
Happy made by her birth,
was this brave Kingdom.

When Anna Bulleins place,
of a Queen, of a Queen,
Had been for three years space,
more was her sorrow:
In the Kings Royal head,
Secret displeasure bred,
That cost the Queen her head,
in Londons strong Tower.

Then took to Wife Lady Jane,
lovingly, loving,
That from the Seymours came,
Nobly descended:
But her love bought the dear,
She was but Queen one year,

Jane Seymour
his third
Wife

In Child-bed she dyed we hear,
of Royal King Edward

England then understand,
famously, famously,
Princes three of this Land,
thus came from three Queens:
Katherine gave Mary birth,
Anna Elizabeth,
Jane, Edward by her death;
All Crown'd in England.

After these Married he,
all in fame, all in fame
A Dame of Dignity,
fair Ann of Cleve. Ann of
Her sorrow soon was seen, Cleve his
Only Six months a Queen, fourth
Blaces but growing green, Wife.
so quickly Divorced.

Yet liv'd she with grief to see,
woful Queen, woful Mother,
Two more as well as she,
married unto King Henry,
To enjoy loves delights,
On their sweet Wedding nights,
Which were her proper rites,
mournful young Princess.

First a sweet gallant Dame,
noble born, noble born,
Which had unto her name
fair Katherine Howard:
But e're two years were past,
Disliking grew so fast,
She lost her head at last,
small time of Glory.

Katherine Howard his fifth Wife.

After her, Katherine Parre,
made he Queen, made he Queen,
Late Wife to Lord Latimer
brave English Baron.
This Lady of Renown,
Deserved not a frown,
Whilst Henry wore his Crown
of thrice famous England.

Katherine Parre his sixth Wife.

Sir Royal Queens you see,
gallant Dames, gallant Dame,
At command Married he,
like a great Monarch:
Yet lives his famous Name,
Without spot or defame.
From Royal Kings he came,
whom all the World fear'd.

The lamentable Complaint of Queen Mary, for the unkind departure of King Philip, in whose absence she fell sick and dyed.

The Tune is, Crimson Velvet.

MAry doth complain,
Ladies be you moved
With my Lamentations,
and my bitter groans:
Philip King of Spain,
whom in heart I loved,
from his Royal Queen
unkindly now is gone;
Upon my Bed I lye,
sick and like to dye,
help me Ladies to lament,
for in heart I bear,
he loves a Lady dear:
better can his love content:
Oh Philip most unkind,
Bear not such a mind,
to leave the Daughter of a King:
Gentle Prince of Spain,
Come, oh come again,
and sweet content to thee I'le bring.

For thy Royal sake,
this my Countries danger,

And my Subjects woes,
I payly do procure:
My burning lobe to stake,
noble Princely stranger,
And the same to move,
where it was setled sure,
Divers in this Land,
Against my foes did stand,
pawning their lives therefore;
And for the same were slain,
Gentle King of Spain,
streets ran down with purple gore.
Forty thousand men,
All in Armour then,
this noble Kingdom did provide:
To Marry Englands Queen,
Before thou shouldst be seen,
or I be made thy gallant Bride.

But now my great good will,
I see is not regarded,
And my favours kind,
are here forgotten quite:
My good is paid with ill,
and with hatred rewarded,
I unhappy Queen,
left here in woful plight,
On our English shore,

Never shall I more
thy comely personage behold,
Nor upon the Throne,
Gloriously in shown,
in thy purple Robes of Gold.
Oh my heart is slain,
Sorrow, care and pain
dwells within my sobbing breast:
Death approacheth nearer,
Because thou wilt not hear
thou gallant King of all the West.
Those Jewels and those Rings,
and that Golden Treasure,
First to win my Love,
thou brought'st out of Spain;
Now unto me brings
no delight, no pleasure,
But a sorrowful fear,
which ever will remain:
Thy Picture when I see,
Much amazeth me,
causeth tears amain to flow,
The substance being gone,
Pleasures I have none,
but lamenting sighs of woe;
The Chair of State adorned,
Seems as if it mourned,

binding up mine eyes with weeping,
And when that I led
Unto my Marriage-Bed,
sorrow keeps me still from sleeping.

Come you Ladies kind,
bring my Gown of Sable,
For I now now must mourn,
the ablence of my Lord.
You see my Love-sick mind
is no longer able
To endure the Sting
of Cupids pricking Sword:
My dying heart doth rest
In Philips Princely breast,
my Bosome keeps no heart at all
But ever will abide,
In secret by his side,
and follow him through Bower and Hall.
Though I live disdained,
Yet my love unfeigned
shall remain both chaste and pure,
And evermore shall prove
As constant as the Dove,
and thus shall Mary still endure.

Ring out my Dying Knell,
Ladies so Renowned,
For your Queen must dye, and

and all her Pomp forsake,
England now farewell,
for the fates have frowned,
And now ready stand,
my breathing life to take:
Consume with speed to ayre,
fading Ghost is fair,
with my milk-wings to flie:
Where sitting on the Throne,
Let my Love be shown,
that for his sake is forc'd to die.
Be for ever blessed,
Though I die distressed,
gallant King of high renown.
The Queen now broken-hearted,
From this world is parted,
in the Heavens to wear a Crown.

The Battle of Agen-Court, between the English-men, and the French-men.

The Tune is, Flying Fame.

A Councel Grave our King did hold,
with many a Lord and Knight,
That they may truly understand,
that France did hold his right:
Unto the King of France therefore,
Ambassadours were sent, That

That he might fully understand,
his mind and his intent.

Desiring him in friendly wise,
his lawful right to yield;
Or else he vowed by dint of Sword,
to win the same in Field:
The King of France with all his Lords,
which heard his Message plain,
Unto our brave Embassadors,
did answer in disdain;

And saying our King was yet too young,
and of too tender age,
Therefore we weigh not of his Wars,
nor fear not his Courage:
His knowledge is in feats of Arms
as yet but very small;
His tender Joynts more fitter were
to play a Tennis-Ball.

A Tun of Tennis-Balls therefore
in pride and great disdain,
He sent unto our noble King,
to recompence his pain:
Which answer when our King did hear,
he waxed wroth in heart,
And said he would such Balls provide,
should make all France to smart.

An

An Army then our King did raise,
which was both good and strong,
And from Southampton is our King,
with all his Navy gone:
In France he Landed safe and sound,
with all his Warlike Train,
Into the Town of Hurflew next,
he marched up amain.

But when he had besieg'd the same,
against their lofted walls,
To batter down their stately Towers,
he sent his English Balls:
This done, our Noble English King,
march'd up and down the Land,
And not a French-man for his life,
durst once his force withstand.

Until he came to Agen-Court,
whereas it was his chance,
To find the King in readiness,
with all his power in France:
A mighty Host he had prepar'd
of Armed Souldiers then,
Which were no less by just account,
than forty thousand men:

Which sight did much amaze our King,
for he and all his Host,

Not passing fifteen thousand men,
accounted with the most:
The King of France which well did know,
the number of our men,
In vaunting pride unto our Prince,
did send a Herald then,

To understand what he would give
for ransome of his life,
When they in field had taken him,
amidst their bloody strife:
And then our King with chearful heart,
this answer soon did make,
And said, before this comes to pass,
some of your hearts shall quake:

And to your proud presumptuous Prince,
declare this thing, quoth he,
Mine own heart-blood shall pay the price,
none else he gets of me:
With that bespoke the Duke of York,
O Noble King, quoth he,
The leading of this Battle brave,
vouchsafe to give to me.

God a-mercy Cousin York, quoth he,
I grant thee thy request,
Then march thou on courageously,
and I will lead the rest. Then

Then came the bragging French-men down,
With cruel force and might,
With whom our noble King began
A hard and cruel fight.

The Archers they discharg'd their Shafts,
So thick as hail from sky,
That many a French-man in the field,
That happy day did dye:
The Horsemen tumbled on the Stakes,
And so their lives they lost,
And many a French-man there was ta'n
As Prisoners, to their cost.

Ten thousand men that day were slain,
Of enemies in the field,
Twice as many Prisoners,
That day were forc'd to yield.
Thus had our King a happy day,
And Victory over France,
He brought them quickly under foot,
That late in Pride did prance.

The Lord preserve our Noble King,
And grant to him likewise,
The upper hand and Victory
Of all his Enemies.

FINIS.